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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Mistrial

The trial of Jimmy Hines has come to an abrupt conclusion. Hines was charged with conspiring with the late Dutch Schultz in the numbers lottery, and District Attorney Dewey, in questioning a witness, raised the point of Hines's possible connection with the poultry racket. Instantly counsel for the Tammany leader demanded a mistrial, on the ground that the poultry racket had nothing to do with the indictment. Supreme Court Justice Pecora took a week-end to think it over, and then granted the motion. Justice Pecora has been sharply criticized in the daily press for his action, on the grounds that Dewey's question was unimportant, that it made no impression on the minds of the jurors that a few words from the Justice could not have offset, that both prosecution and defense have spent thousands of dollars, now all wasted, and that it will now be extremely difficult to obtain a new jury not already familiar with the evidence. To laymen, these arguments will seem impressive. Among lawyers, however, a different view seems to prevail. That Mr. Dewey acted improperly in asking his question is conceded. Certainly it is better to end the trial after four weeks than to carry it to a conclusion and have the verdict upset by a higher court because of this point.

We hope the new trial of Hines will not take place until after the election in November. Everyone knows that Mr. Dewey is a receptive candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, and grave harm is done when the processes of justice are confused by political issues. That is one of the points in this very case, in which the former occupant of Mr. Dewey's office is said to have received underworld support. A delay of a few weeks is of no importance compared with making sure that public confidence in the law is maintained.

Russo-Czech Communications

The strong attitude toward the Central European crisis taken by the Russian representative at Geneva, and the reports that Rumania has agreed to permit the passage of Russian troops to aid Czechoslovakia if the latter is attacked by Germany, reopen last year's crop of rumors about a "strategic railway" leading from the Russian border city of Mohilev across northern Rumania into Czechoslovakia. The latest available map of the region was published in Austria just before the *Anschluss*, and shows a standard-gauge railway entering Czechoslovakia from Rumania. This line, however, switches into Hungarian territory for a short distance as it runs westward toward Bohemia. There is a narrow-gauge connecting link entirely on Czechoslovak soil. Whether this link has been or can be widened to standard gauge becomes now a highly important question; the necessity of two transshipments would slow down the transfer of troops, and especially of guns and heavy material, very considerably. On the whole, it seems likely that initial Russian assistance to Czechoslovakia would be given more effectively by additional air units, and perhaps by maintaining a degree of pressure on Poland sufficient to keep the Poles quiet. The amount of Russian air assistance that can be used effectively depends on the availability within Czechoslovakia of additional bases and repair equipment. Granted these, such reinforcements would constitute a most serious threat to Germany's vital centers.

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Spain and the European Crisis

The outbreak of a general European war would profoundly affect the course of events in Spain. Assuming that Great Britain and France were pitted against Germany and Italy, Germany would be cut off from any further contact with Spain by the overwhelmingly superior British home fleet. The French would immediately be concerned with keeping open their supply lines from Africa; as between them and the British Mediterranean fleet at its war stations in Egypt and Palestine, the Italian navy would have a central position, and might make trouble, but would be much inferior in actual fighting power. The French would assuredly take early steps to drive the Italians out of the Balearics, which would end further Italian intervention in Spain save by direct air support; and Italy would not have many planes to spare for such a purpose. The net result would be unfavorable to Franco, and would probably bring about his downfall. If Italy held aloof, however, as now seems very possible, the problem of Spain would become much more difficult from the French and British point of view. Their immediate object would be to keep Mussolini quiet until they had finished off the Germans; to convert him, indeed, into an ally if they could. What arrangements might result in regard to Spain are impossible to foresee; they would certainly be such as to relieve the French of any worry about their Pyrenean frontier, but whether they would be such as to give any great comfort to the existing Loyalist government and its supporters is another matter.

The President and the Primaries

Political experts prophesied in advance that "Cotton Ed" Smith would win in South Carolina, Tydings in Maryland and George in Georgia. Such victories, as we have said before, do not mean that the voters have turned against Mr. Roosevelt or that the New Deal has been repudiated. Local elections are often determined by local issues: personalities of opposing candidates, their respective political experience, machine support, comparative finances, hostility between farmers and town people, religious beliefs of candidates or their treatment of religious beliefs of others. The fact that Mr. Roosevelt personally intervened in several elections when he knew the chances were heavily against him does not mean he is foolhardy or possessed of a belief in his own omnipotence. It means that he is determined to do all he can to transform the Democratic Party into an instrumentality for bringing about those changes in American life to which he has repeatedly dedicated himself. He believes, that is, that the real issue today is between conservative and progressive, and he proposes to fight conservatives and aid progressives. His attempt to identify the Democratic Party with progressivism may prove ineffective; but it that the same people who for five years have denounced the President as just an opportunist politician should now denounce him for being willing to stick to his principles even at the risk of serious loss.

Germany's Lost Friends

British labor, through the Trades Union Congress and the political Labor Party as well, some days ago demanded that Prime Minister Chamberlain call Parliament into session to act on the international situation, and that he take a stronger stand against the dictators in defense of democracy. This is a curious reversal, since historically labor has been the most pacifist element in British public life and has been the most critical of the injustices done to the Central Powers by the settlement of 1919. Of course labor is still for peace, but it has become convinced that to submit to aggression in Europe is merely to make war inevitable in the end, with less chance for victory against Hitler, while to present a firm front now is the best chance of averting war. This stand we believe to be valid, but in order to be really effective it ought to have been adopted by Chamberlain long ago. What is more significant is the fact, which these resolutions illustrate, that labor and liberals the world around are opposed to rectifying the injustices created by the territorial provisions of the peace treaties as long as Germany is ruled by Hitler. By his oppression of trade-unionists, socialists, Jews and others he has lost for his country what formerly were its best friends.

Nebraska Looks at Electric Power

Nebraska gave to the United States Senator George W. Norris, and Senator Norris more than any other one individual gave us the TVA. Now his own state is engaged in an interesting enterprise in the field of electric power. Nebraska is broken up into a number of "public-power districts" each of which has charge of the production of electricity within its borders. The three largest of these districts, each of which has authority to create and operate substantial hydro-electric and irrigation projects, are engaged in negotiations to buy all the privately owned electric systems within their borders. If the negotiations go through, Nebraska will have, in effect, a single statewide coördinated steam-coal and hydro-electric system, publicly owned and managed. Naturally, the plan is being fought vigorously by the managers of the private-power concerns, although the holding companies behind them seem much less disturbed. The private interests, by the way, brought the calamity (if it is one) upon themselves. They went into court and got an injunction to prevent the three public districts from operating as a unit; and it was only then that the state began to think of buying out the private companies. If the sale goes through, Nebraska will be the scene of an experiment in public

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Death of a Newspaper

Behind the sale and suppression of The Akron Times-Press, there is a story that will some day be told. What facts we know about it are taken from The Guild Reporter, the lively journal of the Newspaper Guild. There we learn that The Times-Press didn't die of lingering anemia like The Youngstown Telegram and The Toledo News-Bee, two other Scripps-Howard papers that have recently disappeared from Ohio. Its circulation had fallen during the depression, reaching a low point of 34,100 in 1933; but under the vigorous editorship of Walter Morrow, the paper had climbed back again to a sale of 50,000 daily and 65,600 on Sundays. The editorial policy was progressive, and people connected the growth of The Times-Press with the amazing rise of the labor unions in Akron.

A year ago this fall, labor nominated its own candidate for mayor on the Democratic ticket. He was opposed not only by the Republicans but also by Governor Davey and the old-line Democratic politicians. Early in the campaign, Walter Morrow was removed from The Times-Press and promoted to a new post in Denver. His successor waited till the Sunday before the hottest election that Akron had ever seen, then published an editorial declining to support either side. The labor unions were dumbfounded; they said that The Times-Press had "sold out to the industry," that Morrow had been "kicked upstairs." Since that time, The Times-Press has evaded every dangerous issue while continuing to take a firm stand on questions that nobody cares about—in the fashion of many other Scripps-Howard papers, including The New York World-Telegram. It has lost a great deal of prestige and reader interest and some circulation—enough to justify bolder editing of the paper but not enough to explain its complete suppression. And The Guild Reporter wonders "why a paper which was rapidly overtaking its rival and was having a notable success in the Sunday field, should suddenly drop its liberal policies and almost immediately be sold."

The Women's Rebellion

The Women's Rebellion of Suffern, New York, was organized several months ago to fight the passage of President Roosevelt's "spending-lending" program. During the past fortnight the Suffern rebels, led by their president, Mrs. Sarah Oliver Hulswit, obtained some measure of the publicity they seek by announcing a campaign to take away the votes of citizens on relief. They charged that the New Deal has gained its power by buying the support of the unemployed, and recommended abolition of the "pauper vote" to end the alleged misuse of federal funds. The Women's Rebellion got credit for more importance than it deserves when President Roosevelt, in his press conference on no doubt he did so because similar accusations are being brought against the New Deal by many other Roosevelt-haters. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Carl Byoir, the publicity agent, has anything to do with the Women's Rebellion. Mr. Byoir, according to an article in Tide magazine, is engaged in a war against the chain-store tax in particular, and hidden taxes in general, for his client, the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. He gathers facts and statistics on taxes for consumer organizations and he has formed groups of New Jersey women, some of which have got publicity for their tax protests. Byoir was responsible for the "Taxcentinels" of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York, who dramatized hidden taxes by paying them in pennies. In New Jersey the most important of Byoir's consumer groups is the Emergency Consumers' Tax Council, with headquarters in Trenton. It has actually mustered enough strength to defeat chain-store tax proposals in a dozen New Jersey cities. We have no evidence in the world that Mr. Byoir has anything to do with the Women's Rebellion; we are just wondering.

The Auto Workers' Quarrel

Since publication of W. L. White's article on the internal strife in the United Auto Workers' Union ("Trouble in the UAW," August 10, 1938) The New Republic has received not a single word from anyone correcting the account of the dispute itself. Homer Martin, president of the Auto Workers, wrote a letter printed in the article itself, in which he charged that it was a "malicious and slanderous document" and "journalistic fakery." In the issue of August 24, Jay Lovestone in a letter called it a "tissue of crass distortions." But neither these gentlemen nor anyone else has offered any specific corrections of statements of fact—except Mr. Lovestone's denial that the article had been submitted to him, before publication, by Mr. Martin. Meanwhile other events have occurred which would tend to show that it was essentially correct. Mr. Martin subsequently showed no signs of a conciliatory policy toward his opponents, but proceeded to oust local officials who objected to his expulsions of dissenters from the Executive Board. After long discussions with both sides John L. Lewis offered a peace program consisting of the reinstatement of the expelled officers and a dropping of the fight until the next regular convention, which would presumably settle it according to the wishes of a majority of the rank and file. This offer Martin refused to accept, meanwhile conducting a misleading campaign against CIO "dictation." But he did not succeed in bullying some of the largest locals. At last accounts private conciliatory negotiations were being carried on with Martin, in behalf of the CIO, by Vice-President Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray. We hope sober judgment will finally succeed

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Not Just Trust-Busters

We share Charles A. Beard's impatience, expressed in his article in this issue of The New Republic, with the "Anti-Trust Racket," but we think he does the present group of investigators something less than justice. They are not a little Sunday-school band of trust-busters, but an assemblage of experts, some of whom are as dubious as he of going back to the paradise of the neo-classical economist. It is a possible hope that out of the inquiry will come some recommendations as to what may be done to further the production of plenty, where and if competition cannot be made to work. The virtue of concentrating such a study on the monopoly problem is that the existence of monopoly has become the standard escape for conservative apologists of capitalistic economics. Everything would work as well as could be expected, they are wont to say, if only monopolistic control of prices and production could be abolished. But would it? And, supposing monopoly cannot be abolished, what then? An investigation which stirred up discussion of such questions would be as valuable as one which merely raised more futile hopes of abolishing the trusts would be worthless.

News Notes of a Week

The debate between the governments of Mexico and the United States over the expropriation of foreign-owned land continued without any substantial concession on either side. . . . The meeting of the League Council at Geneva was marked by another effort on the part of the small European states to have the question of sanctions taken out of the Covenant; as before, the larger League powers, France and Great Britain, met the issue by promising that each nation should be the judge of its own obligation in this matter. . . . Two successive conferences in Mexico, the Latin American Labor Congress and the International Congress Against War and Fascism, emphasize the increasing solidarity of labor in the Western Hemisphere and its entrance into politics in support of peace and democracy.

At home, the labor situation in San Francisco remained ominous. Department-store employees went on strike for a thirty-five-hour week, a union list of applicants for positions and seniority rights on a store-wide and not a departmental basis. Most of the city's warehouses were still closed, their workers having been locked out. Union leaders charged that a concerted drive of employers is in progress looking toward a general open shop. . . . Reports from Washington said that the Department of Justice had dropped the investigation of Mayor Hague of Jersey City, on the ground that he had invaded no one's constitutional rights. These reports caused so much indignation that Attorney General Cummings issued a hasty denial. Only the most naïve, however, expected any sort of effective

Hitler Defies the World

HITLER'S CLIMAX SPEECH to the Nazi Party congress at Nüremberg, which was expected to inform the rest of the world whether it was now to have war or could continue to live in peace, merely prolonged the suspense. It was a violent and intemperate utterance, accusing President Benes of having lied, declaring that if the Sudeten Germans asked for help to combat Czech "oppression" Germany would give it, and in general defying other nations to prevent Germans from taking as a right what they believed was their due. The ultimate offer of Czechoslovakia for autonomy was contemptuously ignored; even a plebiscite to be conducted under the auspices of Prague was called unacceptable, although no plebiscite has been officially suggested. Again the strength of German arms was boasted and the democracies were ridiculed. The impression intended to be left by the speech was that Hitler would be satisfied with nothing less than incorporation of the Sudeten territories in the Reich, and that if he could not gain this end otherwise he would fight for it. Simultaneously Nazi mobs rioted in various parts of Czechoslovakia just as they had done in Austria before its seizure, providing the material for dozens of "incidents." This disturbance may bring war before these words are printed. Nevertheless, no immediate invasion was forecast. It was slightly reassuring in this respect that Hitler, in describing the new German fortifications on the western front, said they would be completed next winter.

How should this performance be interpreted? In our opinion, its meaning is clear. Hitler will not allow his bluff to be called by such irresolute action as Chamberlain's government has taken. It would have been risky to invade Czechoslovakia now—that much was made plain to Hitler by his military advisers. At least the army did not move at once. But it was far from plain that if the suspense were prolonged, Chamberlain would not urge upon Czechoslovakia further concessions. Even at the heat of the crisis, The London Times had editorially recommended the cession of the Sudeten territories to Germany if that were necessary to prevent war. Although this squeak from the old "thunderer" was repudiated by other sections of the press and public opinion, it did its damage by leading the Germans to think that the limit of British tolerance had not been reached. In that case Hitler would risk nothing by refusing at the moment to surrender his ambition to disrupt the Czech republic, and by turning the rack screws a little tighter. As if to justify his judgment, the British Cabinet is now reported to be considering what further concessions may be offered. If this process can go on indefinitely, why should Hitler stop it? He may be able to gain everything without having to fight. If

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British recommendation, there is a chance that Britain can be kept out of the war when it does come—at least, so Hitler believes.

Many will ask why, if the Sudeten Germans want to join Germany, and if Germany wants them, they should be prevented from doing so. Years ago such a solution would have had strong support, and especially from those who now oppose Chamberlain's conciliatory policy. If, in addition, this concession is now the only way to prevent the outbreak of war, it would seem to be doubly desirable. It is on these simple arguments that Hitler is now relying to weaken the opposition to his present campaign in the western democracies.

But there are compelling reasons why the sort of revision that would have been welcome when Germany and Austria were still peacefully inclined, disarmed and democratic republics no longer offers any solution. In the first place, the Nazi Sudeten Germans, though a minority in Czechoslovakia, themselves harbor important minorities. Many of the Germans are not Nazis but Social Democrats, and many are trade unionists. Only the excitement caused by the stirring up of extreme nationalistic and "racial" fervor has made it seem that the Sudeten Germans all want to be ruled by Hitler. In addition there are among them many Czechs and Jews. No sooner would the Sudeten Nazi minority achieve a free hand than it would apply to these other minorities within it a cruel oppression that could not be compared with the relatively mild political disabilities suffered by the Germans under the democratic Czech republic. Europe is full of minorities within minorities; the minority problem cannot be solved on the basis of national independence for each minority, especially if the ruling spirit is one of intolerant and aggressive nationalism.

Second, and more important for the masses of people throughout Europe, is the fact that the cession of the Sudeten German territory to Hitler would not be a solution of anything, but an almost certain guarantee of future war. It would be an essential step in Hitler's march to Eastern Europe, which he intends to subdue in order to render the Reich strong enough to attack France and England. This territory is of the first importance to Czechoslovakia from a strategic point of view, both on account of its terrain and on account of its industrial and armament centers. Without it she would have little chance of preserving her own independence against armed attack, or of blocking Hitler's march to the Balkans or the Ukraine.

Peace can still be preserved, we believe, if the British government will stand where it is, with steady nerves and complete resolution. If it lets Hitler know in unequivocal terms that it will not press the Czechs to go any further toward an adjustment, and that if he provokes a war it will aid his enemies, he will scarcely challenge such a formidable coalition. He may bluster and fume, but in the end he will [illegible]

If, on the other hand, the British go on and urge Czechoslovakia to give him all that he wants, one of two results is almost certain. Either Prague will refuse and Hitler will fight now in the belief that Britain can be kept out, or Prague will assent, strengthening Hitler for his future program of expansion, that will mean war in the end, on less favorable terms for the democracies.

Unity in Rebel Spain?

THE LONDON FINANCIAL TIMES has recently reported that there is some probability of Franco's relinquishing the political directorship of Rebel Spain. While we think this is an exaggeration, we must point out that opposition to Franco has long existed within Falange, the original Fascist organization. As early as August of last year, Madrid City troops captured a quantity of Falangist leaflets attacking Franco for his subservience to foreign political direction. That this criticism should emerge within Falange is not necessarily a tribute to its patriotism. Among its quarter of a million adherents are great numbers of Communists, Socialists and trade-union members who, as Señor Villaplana has stated in "Burgos Justice," entered that organization as the readiest means of self-preservation. The behavior of purely Falangist troops, as at Villanueva del Pardillo during the Brunete offensive, has often indicated no great wish to fight.

Significant, too, are the misfortunes which recently befell the Insurgent General Yagüe as a consequence of his Zaragoza speech last spring. After bluntly rebutting his leader's assertion that "Red" troops were cowardly, Yagüe went on to describe his own forgiving spirit toward those of the enemy who surrendered. After this he asked why so many "comrades" (*i.e.*, members of Falange) were in prison as a consequence of "mistakes." For this rather attractive speech he was at once arrested. Yagüe is one of the leading military figures of Falange and in the early months of the war was entrusted with the "organization of rearguard security." Subsequent to his arrest his followers demanded his public appearance, declining to accept Salamanca assurances that he was still alive.

So far we have drawn attention to plain fact, but it is not unreasonable to suggest that this opposition was probably one cause of Franco's delay in replying to Chamberlain's proposals concerning the withdrawals of Italian troops. The urgency of the British plea was due to the belief that Franco had no longer any need of Italian troops; no doubt this point of view was advanced by Falange advisers. The eventual rejection of the plan, while it was a military necessity, could not have been decided upon without Mussolini's consent. The whole indicates that there is more opposition to

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German Blueprint for War

IF GERMANY INVADES CZECHOSLOVAKIA, just how will she go about it? A very good guess is contained in a statement by Colonel Conrad of the German army, which has just won a prize contest of the German Military Academy. Colonel Conrad's plan, translated in a recent issue of The Living Age, is known to follow closely Hitler's own ideas.

Conrad's plan is based on a lightning attack on Czechoslovakia and the assumption that the Czech army would be destroyed within fourteen days. He proposes no declaration of war. S. A. and S. S. troops would sneak across the border from Germany and join the Sudeten Deutsch in an uprising. German airplanes would suddenly bomb Prague and other Czech cities in order to break the morale of the civilian population. Two German armies, headed by tank corps, would come down from the north and up from the south (from what was formerly Austria) and meet, cutting Czechoslovakia in two. They would then capture Prague and go beyond it, this being essential to the plan as the author conceives it.

Colonel Conrad, writing shortly before May 21, was absolutely certain that Great Britain would not interfere with such a project. In his article, he assumes that France and Soviet Russia would be allies of Czechoslovakia. Poland would be neutral or might even invade Czech territory. Hungary would also attack. Jugoslavia would remain aloof. Rumania is "helpless." He is contemptuous of Soviet Russia's military strength. Her infantry cannot come through Poland, and cannot arrive in time if it comes through Rumania. Soviet airplanes are more important, but can be driven off.

The Colonel dismisses France about as lightly. He thinks French mobilization would be so slow that the Czechs would be crushed before France had an army in the field. In the meantime, a few troops occupying the German fortifications in the west could easily hold off her advance guard. Colonel Conrad believes France is half-hearted about her support of Czechoslovakia and could readily be frightened into staying out. He advocates no aggressive move toward France, in order to prevent creating a war psychology among her people. He gives the same advice about England.

This military man thinks Czechoslovakia herself is of no importance in a military sense. He counts on division within the Czech army, with the German, Magyar and Slovak soldiers refusing to fight. The Czechs themselves, he says, are not a military people, and their morale may go to pieces at the first blow. For this reason, a policy of frightfulness is to be pursued, with a sudden swift attack, bombing cities, and so on.

The Czechs having been destroyed in fourteen days, a large part of the German troops will be rushed back as a precaution which the author does not take very seriously. His emphasis on speed is not because of military dangers from a longer war but because, as he says bluntly, Germany does not possess the raw materials necessary for an extended struggle.

This is a terrifying document for more than one reason. It is stamped all over with the distortions and ignorance implanted in the author by five years of rigid censorship. Even a colonel in the German army does not know that air raids have failed to break civilian morale in Spain or in China. He believes that a war could be fought and ended before France could mobilize. He assumes that Soviet Russia is negligible in a military sense. He badly underrates the fighting qualities of the Czechs as they are reported by independent observers with no axe to grind. He leaves out Great Britain.

Colonel Conrad repeats the two huge errors of the German plan of attack in 1914. Then it was thought that France could be beaten to her knees in a few weeks, before Russia could mobilize, and the armies could thereafter be rushed from the Western front to the East. Both the French and the Russian armies were underestimated, and there was a general opinion that all non-Germans are cowards and weaklings who will turn and run if you make menacing faces at them. All these assumptions were wrong in 1914; they are wrong today. From time to time we have heard that the German general staff is realistic in its thinking and believes Germany would be defeated in any war waged now. Even if this is true, if it is also fair to assume that Colonel Conrad is typical of the ruling German mentality today—and there is every reason to believe that he is—it means that the lessons of the World War were all useless, even in the narrowest sense of military strategy. The Germans have shut themselves up in a dream world from which truth is excluded; and their dreams are the ones that ruined them before.

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Editors

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors

H. N. BRAILSFORD HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN W. P. MANGOLD
JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD R. G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD, *Advertising Manager* BYRON DEXTER, *Circulation Manager*

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European Summer: 1938

Paris, July 7-23

THE TWO THINGS that impress one most are the exemplary calmness and self-restraint of the French in the midst of the international crisis, and the degree of unanimity that has been achieved during the past year on political and economic issues, in spite of daily recrimination and invective in the press. If one were to judge only by editorials and dinner-table gossip, one would assume that France is rent by incurable hatreds—and that is the impression which, unfortunately, is too often conveyed to the outside world. No adjectives are too violent, no insinuations too base to be cast at political leaders of the Left by such sheets as Gringoire, which enjoys great favor in Germany. The Left, with equal gusto, retails the illicit love affairs and alleged perversions of opponents on the Right, all political conflicts being eventually reduced, with disarming frankness, to complications of the *vie amoureuse* (a peculiarity of the French, who denounce each other's private peccadillos from the housetops, yet assume, not always incorrectly, that their *jeunes filles* have no idea how babies are born). Yet underneath this constant barrage of words, the French, from Royalists to Communists, are united in their conviction that France can and should withstand Germany's attempt to obtain hegemony of the European continent.

In company with P. J. Philip of The New York Times and the Danish correspondent of Politiken, I saw the arrival of the British sovereigns from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, with its unrivaled view of the city's vistas. The Place de l'Etoile, flanked by gilt columns bearing forests of red, blue and white flags, whose colors were echoed by the costumes of mounted Spahis; the crowds massed behind impregnable barriers of soldiers and *gardes mobiles;* waving plumes, brilliant uniforms, capering horses, snatches of national hymns and martial music—all this color and motion, this smell and exuberance of Paris aware of a historical event, under a hazy gray sky suddenly flooded with afternoon sunshine at the exact moment of the sovereigns' arrival, stirred the enthusiasm of even the most hardened journalists.

At night the people of Paris poured out into the streets in floods unequaled since the Armistice—orderly, cheerful, friendly crowds admiring the fireworks and the giant projectors that cast fantastic colored lights on trees, fountains, massed flags and cones of what looked like silver sequins. The French, who are never so calm as in moments of crisis, expressed their profound relief at the thought that whatever fate may befall Europe, Britain has unmistakably [illegible] the exception of Hitler, who remains a man apart, the

This solidarity was reinforced by Hitler's rather tactless attempt to drive a wedge between Britain and France by sending Captain Wiedemann to see Lord Halifax just before the latter's departure for the Paris festivities. (The Germans are always eager to win the love of other nations, but like the bear of the fable they are apt to be awkward in their hugging.) Lord Halifax, whatever his intellectual limitations, is a sincere man, probably too upright for this day and age, whose eventual disillusionment may prove dangerous for Germany. His Paris conversations left a favorable impression not only on MM. Daladier and Bonnet, who favor negotiations with Germany, but also on Blum, who thinks that Halifax is nobody's fool. And the amusing attempt of Flandin, who wants to play the great reconciler of France and Germany, to corner Halifax in the Quai d'Orsay gardens during the Bonnet reception (when, like Hitler, he talked *at* Halifax for three-quarters of an hour) did not endear him to the British Foreign Secretary.

The Black Forest, July 25

The moment our car crossed the German frontier at the Kehl bridgehead we all felt that heightened tension, that feverishly accelerated pace which seems to pervade the atmosphere in Nazi Germany. Everywhere workers conscripted from all parts of Germany and Austria are at work widening roads and erecting camouflaged defenses under the supervision of the army, which is rushing completion of the Siegfried line, facing the French border. Detachments of soldiers are maneuvering everywhere, and we pass many groups of labor-service men, shining spades carried like guns, singing lustily as they march. On the other side of the border the French, too, are preparing for a possible emergency. Why is it they never look so militaristic as the Germans?

The terrific pace of German rearmament has undoubtedly imposed heavy sacrifices on the people, and strained their nerves to the breaking point. Many foodstuffs, notably butter, are already rationed as in wartime. The fruit crop was severely damaged by frost this spring, and since there is no *devisen* to import such luxuries as fruit, it is difficult to get a good apple or plum. The German housewife laments her difficulties in making up the family menu, but almost invariably attributes all of Germany's hardships to the nefarious machinations of foreign powers. The average German seems to have few illusions about the honesty and idealism of Nazi leaders—always with

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taking pity on Germany, sent in a cow, a goat and a donkey to relieve the food situation. The cow returned in twenty-four hours. When asked the reason for its return, it replied: "They milked me too hard in Germany." The next day the goat—well known for its cranky tone of voice—came back, saying: "They don't allow me to complain in Germany." Then arrived an enthusiastic letter from the donkey, who said: "Delighted with my stay in Germany. Have just been appointed Cabinet Minister. As the Führer says, one need not be intelligent here—only loyal."

Difficult as Germany's economic situation undoubtedly is, it would be wishful thinking to believe that the Third Reich is on the point of breakdown. A totalitarian state—as has already been proved by Italy during the Ethiopian conflict—can manipulate indefinitely the resources of its people provided no one dares to question its purpose. Germans fear war even more than the French or British. But Hitler has used every device of propaganda to convince them that Czechoslovakia menaces Germany's existence. For this reason it would also be wishful thinking to believe that the Germans will revolt against Hitler in case of war. Millions of people are probably dissatisfied with one or another aspect of Nazi rule. But the average German believes that the only alternative to Hitler is dismemberment of the Reich by foreign powers.

Vienna, July 28

The annexation of Austria, with its reserves of gold and foreign exchange and its iron-ore resources, so useful for the Hermann Göring Iron Works, may have temporarily relieved Germany's economic situation. But Austria may yet prove the Achilles heel of Greater Germany. Vienna, once glamorous capital of an empire, is now a shell emptied of its administrative and cultural content.

I thought I had become philosophical about human sorrow. But as I went into the American consulate my heart was wrung by the sight of hundreds of hysterical people, shorn of the outward defenses of civilization, pushing, pleading, weeping for an opportunity to escape their homes which had become their prisons. Poignant scenes meet one at every step. The old Austrian at the American consulate who used to drive the Minister's sleigh in pre-automobile days, sadly shaking his head over the plight of men, women and children who have no choice except suicide; the distinguished physician who left the consul's office with words worthy of Dante: "I come out of this room with a hope I did not have when I entered it"; St. Stephen's Cathedral, filled on a weekday morning with weeping and groaning people who have little left but their faith in God—whom Hitler invoked when he entered Catholic Austria; the bearded old man who followed me to the cathedral door and *Gott,* now supplanted by *Heil Hitler;* the small knot of workers in a Vienna suburb who refused to accept the jobs thrust on them by the German authorities, and held at bay police and soldiers reluctant to shed Austrian blood—thus displaying in miniature the effect that some measure of Austrian resistance might have had on Germany during the fateful March days; Josef Bürckel, dreaded Reich Commissioner, defending small shopkeepers against the excesses of Vienna's Austrian *Gauleiter,* a former school teacher from Villach, now avenging on Jews and monarchists his accumulated years of mediocrity; the gesture of the Prince of Lichtenstein, who offered the use of his park to Jews barred from public gardens and, when rebuked by the authorities, threatened to close the park altogether—with the result that, aside from cemeteries, it is the only green spot available to Jews in the summer heat.

Budapest, July 30

While the stark realities of Nazi rule have undoubtedly disillusioned many Austrians (most of all the Austrian Nazis, who have found the jobs they coveted assigned to "carpetbaggers" from the North), and inspired a strong underground Communist movement, it would be wishful thinking to believe that Austrian discontent will check Germany's drive to the East. What it may do is give a warning—perhaps already belated—to other countries of Eastern Europe. Hungary, like Poland and Italy, has something to gain by Germany's success—but only if she succeeds in cashing in on these gains before she becomes, in turn, a victim of Nazi domination. Budapest is painfully aware of this fact, and hopes to preserve national independence by playing both ends against the middle. The government of Bela Imredy, an able economist and former president of the national bank, has yielded to the Nazis by accepting the 20-percent restriction on Jews, but continues to prosecute the former; and their leader, Major Szalasi, has just been condemned to a three-year term in prison.

Like other countries in Eastern Europe, Hungary is wrestling with serious agricultural difficulties. The unrest of its peasants (who return from seasonal labor in Germany with unbounded enthusiasm for Nazi methods) makes land reform imperative. Hitler's great appeal to the masses of Eastern Europe—who oppose big landowners and industrialists but want their share of private property—is that he offers an apparently palatable formula for revolution by combining anti-Semitism, anti-communism and anti-capitalism. To combat this appeal by setting up Catholic dictatorships more fearful of socialism than of Nazism—as Schuschnigg did in Austria and Imredy seems to be doing in Hungary—is tragically to misunderstand the temper of the times. Eastern Europe is ripe for fundamental reforms. The only question is whether these reforms will

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duced by the various governments—and the choice is not one which can be long postponed.

Yet Nazi seduction may not prove sufficiently strong to overcome the nationalist sentiment of non-German-speaking peoples in Eastern Europe, who for centuries have resisted Teuton rule. In the past Germany has found it easier to win vassals than allies. Italy has already discovered that German friendship is a dangerous stranglehold. Dragged in the wake of Hitler's foreign and racial policy, Mussolini must regret that he joined an axis whose every move tends to drive Italy out of Central Europe, and reduce her to the position of what the German press describes as "a Mediterranean-African empire." The storm that is gathering in Eastern Europe has overshadowed this region since the dawn of history. The struggle over the Sudeten region is not so much between fascism and democracy or communism, as between Pan-Germanism in its new Nazi incarnation, and Pan-Slavism, which today, as in 1914, bars German expansion to the East.

Paris, August 5

In these sultry August days, when life could be so beautiful, an anguished desire for peace, for security, grips all peoples. Yet everyone is mentally prepared for war. "Anyhow it's reassuring," was the universal comment at the military review of July 14, as tanks and airplanes thundered by. Armaments are reassuring. That is the net result of twenty years of post-war struggle to assure lasting peace. War is feared and detested—but nowhere rejected as the ultimate outcome. After Ethiopia, after Spain, pacifism has lost its meaning. In a poignant, brilliantly acted war play, "Quand Madelon," the father, shattered by his World War experience, finds it impossible, at the eleventh hour, to communicate his profound abhorrence of war to a young son filled with the same heroic illusions he had cherished in 1914. Georges Bernanos, in his magnificent indictment of Spanish reaction ("Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune") finds words of disgust, of condemnation for wanton brutality, but not those constructive words which might serve as a sign-post along new roads to civilization. To see war preparations at close range is to realize that war springs not so much from hatred, or greed, or social unrest, or economic maladjustments as from that spiritual defeatism which marks the end of historical epochs. We still have the courage to face the prospect of war. What we lack is the higher courage of reaching, in time, those mutual understandings, those day-to-day compromises which are far less heroic than the integral "solutions" advocated by international theorists, but without which peace will always remain a great illusion.

VERA MICHELES DEAN

Moscow and Emporia

FIVE YEARS AGO I spent two or three weeks in Russia. Naturally for twenty years the Russian experiment has interested me and puzzled me. I had a curious official contact with Russia. While I was in Paris in 1918, President Wilson appointed me one of an international commission to meet Russian representatives on the Island of Prinkipo, in the Sea of Marmora, to try to negotiate a settlement of Tsarist Russia's international obligations so that Russia might be invited as a delegate to the League of Nations, which was being set up by the Paris Peace Conference. The French throttled the Prinkipo meeting, and Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George turned from negotiations to war with Russia and backed the White generals. Later I was one of the committee that obtained the translation and publication of a number of Russian documents relative to the revolution—I forget just what. When anyone for any reason was forming any sort of society looking to a cultural alliance with Russia, or a group to promote the recognition of Russia, I joined. As a member of a small subcommittee on resolutions at the Republican national convention of 1920, Senator Borah and I and two or three liberals on the subcommittee wrote in a phrase which justified America's recognition of the Soviets. President Coolidge, on the basis of that platform phrase, in his first message recommended recognition. The State Department stopped him. So in 1933 when Maurice Hindus told me he was going to Russia and suggested that I join him there, I did so. In Russia, I saw no bigwigs. I shipped quickly the guide they assigned to me, and went around with Maurice Hindus and the Moscow correspondents of British and American newspapers. These correspondents ranged from Louise Strong and Louis Fischer on the Left, through Duranty and Gene Lyons in the Left Center, to Barnes of The Tribune and the man representing the Hearst service, pretty well to the Right. In this preface I am merely qualifying myself as a competent middle-class witness who on the whole, as an average American, has wished the Russians well. I still do. I think the Russians are mad. I believe they cannot possibly succeed until they cure their madness and I am as sure as I can be that communism, as a philosophy, won't hold water. I feel that it is not a creed that men may live by long.

I read all the books I can conveniently read about

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last few months, I have been immensely puzzled trying to make some sense out of four of this year's books —"The Report of Court Proceedings in the Case of the Anti-Soviet 'Bloc of Rights and Trotskyites' Held Before the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the USSR" published last March; "Not Guilty—Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Charges Made Against Leon Trotsky in the Moscow Trials," by John Dewey and his friends of the Commission; Maurice Hindus' "Green Worlds" and "In Search of Soviet Gold," by John D. Littlepage and Demaree Bess. The first two books are filled with testimony pro and con in the charges against Leon Trotsky and those of his friends who have been executed or exiled for treasonable activities. And in John Dewey's report, the evidence of witnesses indicated that the testimony last March is a tissue of lies. Maurice Hindus' book, which does not mention these two volumes of contradictory testimony, is an attempt to explain the essential difference between rural America and rural Russia. It is an honest book and after reading it I can understand a little about the slant and point of view of the Russian people. Reading Mr. Littlepage's book, which is written much farther to the Right than Maurice Hindus', I can in some ways understand and sympathize with, even though I do not in the least approve of, the madness of the Russian people.

These lines are written of a summer afternoon on the front porch of a middle-class country-town home in the Middle West. An avenue of elm trees, one of a dozen or so such avenues in town, arches across the bluegrass lawns. And in the town twelve thousand people are at work making what is commonly termed a good living. In one of the larger houses in town, I had about the same breakfast and lunch that my average neighbor has. Every one of my 12,000 neighbors will have meat for dinner. Five or six hundred people here, in addition to this 12,000, are living either on relief and out of work or in the dread of loss of employment. Of course until these five or six hundred people are given an opportunity to live according to their ability, our democratic experiment in social and industrial justice has failed. But these five or six hundred people can and do send their children to school up to and including high school. Their economic misfortunes are not marked by their clothes. Their houses do not brand them with poverty. Organized social sympathy feeds, houses and clothes the two or three hundred out of work and in actual need, not well, but decently. Probably in the United States 110 or 115 million of our people are living about as our 12,000 are living. Our American experiment has succeeded in bringing comfort, some luxuries, to probably 85, certainly 80 percent of the American people. This comfort and luxury has created a standard of living in our democracy far higher than Russia may ine. I was in Russia long enough to appreciate that which is no reflection on the Russians. They have come far and fast. They should not be scorned. One can even forgive, indeed gladly accept, their pride of achievement.

But what I have been wondering, writing here on this porch in a comfortable, well housed, well fed country town, is how Emporia, taken as a fair sample of the American people, could get so excited about any threat or shock to our American economic and political experiment—that is, any shock actually short of revolution or invasion—that we would countenance the obvious cruelty, persecution and injustice which to the Russians seem necessary measures of social defense. At what point in our patriotism would we sheltered middle-class Americans lose our sense of mercy and justice?

For instance, the Santa Fé roundhouse and its allied industries produce the heaviest payroll of the town, excepting perhaps the two colleges. But if our county attorney found anyone trying to sabotage work in the roundhouse, though it might affect our bread and butter, I am quite sure that someone in our town or in any American town would try to see that the accused culprits had something like justice. A party would form, perhaps, indeed very likely, a minority party, to stand up for the accused. If hints were spread about the use of a third degree to make the culprit confess, there would be the devil to pay. I am inclined to believe that if the Republicans would go out and try to sabotage the political set-up which is controlled in this county and state by the Democrats, and if the Republicans really tried to chase the sheriff out of office and scare the daylights out of the county, plenty of Democrats are good enough citizens and humane enough to see that the accused Republicans had their day in court. We would all want to hear both sides of the story, if only native curiosity, not humane instincts, inspired us.

Similarly, I think if a church schism should arise and one crowd in any church should put out the preacher, for instance, for demanding a fair trial for the fellows trying to sabotage the roundhouse, the preacher would have his defenders and the columns of The Gazette would be filled with clamorers for both sides, protesting, yammering and shouting for justice. And no one would gainsay the right of anyone, the royal American right, to protest. But in the long run, after the quarrel over civil liberties was settled, or while it was settling, no one would care enough about any row, industrial, political or religious, to lose a meal or a night's sleep.

But obviously in Russia, everyone cares about everything. Why? What is the seat of their madness? What the source of their delusion? I know it is genu-

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cially the young Russians, for their government, for their social aims, for their industrial ideals. Here's a story; maybe it's not true. It was only translated to me, but it furnishes an instance that I have carried with me five years as indicating the mad earnestness of the Russiains. We were going through a factory, an automobile factory near Moscow. I was in the factory all day. I ate lunch with the shock troops, that is, the best workers. It was a good lunch but no better than the average lunch of the average Emporia workman. I saw all of the interesting social gadgets, the crêche, where the women workers' babies were cared for, the hospitals, the showers and the gymnasium and everything that the workers have. And in their faces I could see the eager glow of their zest and pride in what they were doing. I came past a blackboard, a sort of a score board possibly for competing teams, and I saw two or three people all looking at it with obvious scorn and disdain. I asked why. My interpreter, who by the way was not the official interpreter of the tourists, told me that there on the blackboard was a record that one of the workers had contracted a venereal disease and the others were sore at him. They were sore at him not on account of his moral lapse, but because his work was lagging, and he and his kind were being branded not in any relation to what we would call the Seventh Commandment, but because he was untrue to his fellows who were striving to make a record. There was the whole story.

I can imagine in Emporia social disapproval of venereal disease not for what it does to the man himself but for what it may do to others, his wife and children for example. But I cannot imagine that social disapproval in any way affecting a man's status as a worker, his wages, his relations with his fellow workers. But that episode of the venereal disease in the automobile factory, the burning scorn which came to him for his treason to his class, someway makes me understand why public opinion in Russia is so inflamed, so congested that justice for the individual has a small place in Russian political ideals. The Russians are so ravenous for class justice and their social ideals that individual justice means nothing. The dignity of the human spirit is acquired only by merging in the mass. It is not cherished in one man or woman.

I wonder if we have any such social passion in America? Does it rise in response to patriotism? Certainly we had something like it during the War when the individual seemed to submerge and the mass congealed in many a cruel injustice and inhumanity. But in time of peace—no! When a man, for any cause in America, goes berserk, sees things out of proportion and begins to cry out for any cause—say for patriotism, for democracy, even for the good old "American way of living"—people begin to suspect [illegible] caste. His influence wilts. Take the case of John Frey and Dr. J. B. Matthews, testifying in the Dies Committee in Washington this summer. How quickly they were greeted with hearty yawns! How soon it was evident that they were suffering from a persecution complex! In a day or two, what they said made no difference. Yet they were patriots, super-patriots, tremendously excited. They acted much as the prosecutor Vishinsky acted in the Russians' trials last year. They rationalized their conduct, twisting their facts, marking their course not in relation to the truth that sane men know, but in the hazy cloud of some vast obsession that had colored their cast of thought. Vishinsky, the Russian prosecutor, in his poisonous zeal could gladly send men to death. Something in the psychic atmosphere of the court where he snarled and snapped and yelled created an epidemic of madness. Then even those whom he was pursuing caught the mental disease that was assailing his reason and they seemed to go mad with him. I can see no other explanation of it.

I happen to know the witness, Vladimir Romm, who testified to a number of things that seemed to me, reading both sides, most unreasonable and highly impossible. Romm was a Washington correspondent of a Moscow paper, a good, convinced Communist. I talked to him several times. I knew him as an amiable, kindly, rather exceptionally intelligent, soft-voiced and even-tempered man. Yet in the court, he jeopardized the lives and liberties of men apparently with little or no basis of fact or truth. Why did he turn perjurer or, if not perjurer, why did he do the stupid, foolish things which he swore he did—things that were worse than perjury, dumb beyond description? When I saw him and knew him, he was neither the fool which his testimony would suggest, nor a ruthless perjurer who would send men to exile and death. Yet that seems to me what he did. Why? Perhaps the witness Romm may be explained. But how can you explain the whole 160,000,000 Russian people supporting Romm unless you understand why those fellow workers in the Moscow automobile factory all but snarled at the man caught with a venereal disease because he slowed up their work? These four books that I have mentioned are worth reading. They explain more than a little—each from its own angle. But also they mark the vast distance between the mind of the man in the capitalist democracy and the mind of his brother under a dictator, whether of the proletariat in Russia or of the plutocracy in Germany.

The thing after all that bothers me, sitting here on this porch of an August afternoon writing this story in a middle-class home in the middle-class West, is how the world is going to live in peace much longer when men in such tremendous masses think and feel so

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different, profoundly anomalous and really mysterious roots.

Can these philosophies be modified and merged? What is the formula that will make men satisfied and contented who are reasonably happy in freedom, if they wake up and find themselves in an autonomous world, in a totalitarian state where they must get their happiness in the well being of man in the mass? I look across the road and around at my neighbors. One does odd jobs, when he can get them, in a garage; another has a plumbing business and his shop is in his truck. Another works in a bookstore. Another owns half of a prosperous garage. Another is a seamstress and another is a music teacher. None of them is facing old age with any security. Yet they don't seem to worry about it. They know that one way or another they will not be cold or starve. I wonder what would happen if they were told that by surrendering their ballot, keeping their mouths shut about politics and going to work where they were ordered, they could be secure in their old age. Would they make the trade? I feel that three—the plumber, the music teacher and the garage owner—would be intriguers and wreckers. Would the others care? I don't know. But in the answer to that question lies the future of the world. The implications of that answer explain what is under the mask in Russia.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

An Endowment for War

NO ONE CAN READ THE REPORTS of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace without a disheartening sense of complete futility. The division of international law directed by James Brown Scott and the division of economics and history directed by James T. Shotwell seem to be doing work of possible academic value, but the division of intercourse and education, headed by the Endowment's president, Nicholas Murray Butler, is concerned chiefly with organizing "international relations clubs," disseminating pamphlets and with Dr. Butler's annual trip to Europe. For years he has been preaching his doctrine of peace, using the Endowment as a sounding board, and its organization as a means of propagating his ideas. Such activities have, in the past, seemed harmless enough, but now that he is shouting for "collective security" and an "international police force," it seems possible this endowment for peace may be turned into an endowment for war.

Andrew Carnegie was frequently accused of being pro-British. As a matter of fact, one reason for establishing his Endowment was to bring the English-speaking peoples closer together. He got the idea while looking at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, after reading in a newspaper that President Taft had said that matters of national honor, as well as other disputes between nations, should be referred to a court of arbitration. Mr. Taft, it seemed to him, had bridged the chasm between war and peace. In telling his trustees, December 14, 1910, the genesis of his inspiration, he declared: "As sure as you draw the breath of life, gentlemen, you can consolidate the English-speaking race in a treaty that would render war impossible." So, three and a half years before the outbreak of the World War, Mr. Carnegie set aside ten million dollars' worth of five-percent mortgage bonds of the U. S. Steel Corporation to establish the Carnegie

No sooner was the association organized than the nations went to war. Many people criticized it for not stopping the War, but the executive committee replied that was beyond its powers. Dr. James Brown Scott remarked, "Entry into war made it evident that our activities must be ineffective until the restoration of peace." Dr. Butler looked on the brighter side: "War itself is so powerful an educator of public opinion," he reported, "that it will advance by years if not by decades instruction which it was in part the duty of the Division to originate and carry on." Meanwhile the Endowment entertained the most distinguished Allied propagandists and lecturers: Eugene Brieux, the Marquis of Aberdeen, M. Homberg of the French Ministry of Finance, Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, Sir Walter Raleigh of Oxford, George M. Trevelyan of Cambridge, the Marquis de Polignac, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Captain Ian Hay, John S. Haldane of Oxford and Stephen Lauzanne, French journalist.

While encouraging these propagandists to pave the way for our entrance into the War, the Endowment made it clear that it did not stand in the way of military preparations. On February 23, 1917, the trustees declared "The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has no part in any effort to hinder timely and adequate preparation of the military and naval forces and material necessary to defend national rights and liberties of the American people against forcible foreign aggression. . . . Mutual respect for international rights is an essential basis of durable peace, and a nation which does not insist upon that respect fails in its duty, not only to its own liberty, but to the peace of the world." The association had its funds invested in the biggest of the war babies, which Mr. Morgan had organized and for which he was then getting orders. The trustees were directors and investors in big business. Mr. Root, the Endowment's president, headed a

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of a university several of whose trustees were munitions makers. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that these men became convinced that peace could be achieved only by a victory of the Allies.

So, within a few years of its establishment, the Endowment met the first crisis in its career by crying for a relentless prosecution of war as loudly as any jingoist. On April 18, 1917, the trustees resolved: "The most effective means of promoting durable international peace is to prosecute the war against the Imperial German government to the final victory of democracy." Leading the stampede, most arbitrary in his regimentation of the minds in his own university, was Dr. Butler, later president of the Endowment. The income from $10,000,000 did not encourage independence of opinion. Both the investments and the sympathies of those in charge of the Endowment were on the side of the Allies. Then, as now, they believed that America should take an active and energetic part in settling world problems. For the conscientious objectors they had scant sympathy.

After the War the Endowment concentrated on scholarly pursuits which would not challenge the existing order. In 1920 it reported proudly, "It has taken no part in the controversy on the Treaty of Peace." It arranged for the international exchange of students, professors, lecturers, journalists and experts of various kinds. It established "international-mind alcoves" in libraries. During the twenties Dr. Butler and his associates seemed full of optimism. The Nine Power Treaty, the Locarno pacts, and best of all, the Kellogg-Briand Treaty, seemed great achievements. By the latter, if France or England were attacked, it was expected that we would come to their defense. "Now," Dr. Butler rejoiced, "a nation cannot remain neutral without at the same time being immoral." To him it was a triumph to arrange a pact which, if adhered to, would turn every minor conflict into a major one. Soon after he received the Nobel Prize in 1931 all of these pacts were violated or discarded. "The spirit and temper of those days," he commented sadly, referring to the enthusiasm for the Pact of Paris, "have been forgotten as though they did not exist."

But he has not forgotten his enthusiasm for an international police force. On an international broadcast sponsored by the Endowment on Armistice Day, 1937, Dr. Butler said, "To call police work war is a contradiction in terms. It is the instrumentality for the rule of law, and to the rule of law there is absolutely no alternative but the rule of force." Lord Lothian followed him with a plea for a "world constitution and a government of supernational affairs." At a luncheon for Lord Cecil on November 20, 1937, Dr. Butler repeated, "There has been a complete breakdown in public morals, a complete turning of backs by governments upon their plighted words, and when that is done there is no alternative but force." Hence he called for "collective action" and a "world police." That is the kind of foreign policy he advocates, a policy that is unthinkable without a tremendous navy. Once more he is preparing public opinion to rush to the aid of Great Britain and France. Through 805 International Relations Clubs this propaganda is carried on. Through the League of Nations Association, to which the Endowment contributes, the same sort of propaganda is emphasized. Clark M. Eichelberger, its secretary, is one of the Endowment's busiest lecturers. By means of books and pamphlets, as well as by visiting lecturers, the Endowment is mobilizing public opinion today in the same way it helped to mobilize it prior to 1917.

Take a look at the trustees: Wallace McK. Alexander, sugar tycoon of Hawaii, vice-president of the Matson Line; Arthur A. Ballantine, corporation lawyer; David P. Barrows, major-general in the National Guard and former president of the University of California; William Marshall Bullitt, lawyer and trustee of the Mutual Insurance Company; Frederic A. Delano, D.S.M., former colonel in the Transportation Corps and specialist in big receiverships; John W. Davis, Morgan counsel; Alanson B. Houghton, chairman of the board of the Corning Glass Works and former Ambassador to Great Britain; Thomas J. Watson, president of International Business Machines and recently decorated by Hitler; Edward L. Ryerson Jr., banker and independent steel magnate; Howard Heinz, director of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Mellon National Bank; Robert A. Taft, director of banks and corporations. Of those who whooped it up for war in 1917 only three remain, but their points of view are the same, for the board is a self-perpetuating body which elects friends and business associates.

Speaking of fascism and communism in his 1936 report, Dr. Butler asks: "How can a democratic people be indifferent or neutral when a fellow democracy is forcibly attacked by one of the philosophies of compulsion? What is being attacked is that democracy's own outpost, and, if the attack on that outpost be successful, it will be followed by an attack on democracy itself." That is not a plea for peace but a call to arms. It is precisely the same argument that got us into the last war. In October, 1937, Dr. Butler helped the cause of international good feeling by calling Japan an "assassin," and in December, 1937, the trustees of the Endowment called upon this country to face its responsibilities for the maintenance and defense of "solemn covenants between nations." Of course Dr. Butler was enthusiastic about President Roosevelt's Chicago "quarantine" speech. "Isolation," declared the head of the Endowment, "is a folly only exceeded by its immorality."

Those in charge of the Endowment seem to imagine that what they are doing has some relevance

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to the modern world. Its activities and methods have been so innocuous that radicals have raised the question of its sincerity. Apparently it searches for well meaning tasks which by some stretch of the imagination can be related to the cause of peace. Medieval books are published; lectures, luncheons, dinners, speeches, conferences are arranged. A man is brought from Vienna to Washington to prepare an international cattle map of the world. A model tariff-walls map is built and exhibited; 2,436 books are sold and 22,482 given away in a single year. Dr. Butler reports annually what the best minds in Europe are thinking. He organized a conference at Chatham House in 1935 which left in its wake the usual residuary of "committees." Study outlines and discussion groups on world peace are formed for the farmers of Iowa. The Endowment appeals to the idealism and high-mindedness of American youth, but when its propaganda is examined it is clear that it advocates a foreign policy which would mean that the American navy would be used as an international police force. Its pamphlets and lectures become a serious matter when they lead to the conclusion that we must go to war for the sake of the peace of the world.

Economic experts supported by the Endowment have studied problems of trade barriers and money, but Dr. Butler abhors the economic interpretation of history as smacking of Marxism and Bolshevism. For that reason the Endowment has never attacked the bases of economic imperialism; it has made no attempt to show the populations of the warlike countries today how their leaders are driving them into war. It might investigate the worldwide struggle for oil and its connection with foreign policies. It might investigate the steel industry, the scrap-iron industry, the shipping industry, and the part these play in making inevitable another war. It might consider how the profit system itself makes war almost certain. The role of newspapers and newspaper proprietors, or the active foreign propaganda in this country might be worth investigating. It does none of these things because it believes in war under certain circumstances, under the very circumstances in which it is most likely to come. It diverts the energies of those anxious for peace into futile and ineffective channels; it encourages earnest people to imagine that by joining clubs and reading pamphlets they are preventing the next war. It dares make no effort to combat the psychological build-up created by statesmen and journalists. Indeed, it actively contributes to it. The most richly endowed institution dedicated to the promotion of peace is thus turned into an aggressive agent for the promotion of war.

It may not be true that it sets about futile and useless activities because it does not want peace propaganda to get too strong a hold on the American people. But it is definitely committed to international policies which lead to war more certainly than to enduring peace. A genuine, realistic investigation into the causes of war might imperil the financial interests of some of the members of the board of trustees, it might endanger some of Dr. Butler's beautiful friendships abroad, it might involve harsh criticism of the foreign policies of France and Great Britain. Consciously or not, the foundation is fooling the public and itself, but it would be a ghastly joke if it turned out that, while ineffectual in the promotion of peace, this endowment should be successful in the perpetuation of war.

HORACE COON

The Anti-Trust Racket

THE COUNTRY is about to be given the spectacle of another investigation of the trusts—a favorite topic of honest men, demagogues and chiselers for the past fifty years and more. Again the ears of people who remember the great uproar amid which the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890 was passed will be assailed by all the old phrases, din and claptrap. Although some new facts respecting the development of bigness in industry will be unearthed, it is a reasonably sure guess that no new light of general significance will be shed on the subject.

The fundamental issues of bigness have already been set in a vast literature on the subject, including the debates in the Congress that enacted the Sherman law. For nearly fifty years there have been periodical investigations and periodical furors. When a statesman cannot think of anything else to do, he can assail and

the great Bryan scare was still abroad in the land, Congress created the Industrial Commission and charged it with investigating industrial conditions. Boies Penrose was made a member, to give it the odor of sanctity. The Commission engaged experts, heard witnesses, inquired into trusts and combinations in restraint of trade and otherwise, and heaped up thousands of pages of testimony. At the close it made a few pious recommendations, headed by the suggestion that concerns engaged in floating securities furnish the dear investors with information about the property or services for which stocks or securities are to be issued, "and all other material information necessary for safe and intelligent investment." It refrained merely from defining "safe" and "intelligent." The mountain groaned and out came, not a mouse, but a squeak.

Apart from supplying documents for antiquarians, such as the present writer, the whole expensive busi-

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ness produced nothing tangible or measurable. At that time—1900, the year of the Report—the Sherman Act had been on the books for ten years. It evidently amounted to nothing worthy of mention. Indeed it is questionable whether its authors intended it to mean anything, save a big noise to gull the gullible. For this we have the testimony of a participant in the enactment of the law, Senator O. H. Platt. Speaking while the Sherman bill was under consideration, this Senator said frankly to his colleagues: "I am sorry, Mr. President, that we have not had a bill which had been carefully prepared, which had been thoughtfully prepared, which had been honestly prepared, to meet the object which we all desire to meet. The conduct of the Senate for the past three days—and I make no personal allusions—has not been in the line of the honest preparation of a bill to prohibit and punish trusts. It has been in the line of getting some bill with that title that we might go to the country with. The questions of whether the bill would be operative, of how it would operate, or whether it was within the power of Congress to enact it, have been whistled down the wind in the Senate as idle talk." And all this was supported by voluminous testimony taken by the Industrial Commission created in the days of the McKinley administration.

Years afterward came the Pujo money-trust investigation. What an uproar it made! What headlines! What pages and pages of testimony! Then came the big burst of the New Freedom, now of dim memory, and the Clayton Anti-Trust Act which was to do the work. President Wilson signed it with a flourish. Samuel Gompers hailed the labor section as the Magna Charta of his Federation. More years passed. Business got bigger. Trusts increased in number. Holding companies grew as tall as the skies. Samuel Gompers' Magna Charta blew up in his face. Berle and Means reported a concentration of economic power that made the concentration of 1890 appear piddling by comparison.

In addition to these main investigations there have been other inquiries, executive or legislative, without number—into oil, steel, railways and other special branches of business. More mountains of wood pulp covered with printer's ink have been heaped up. The very records of all this din, rattle and uproar, if brought together in one place, would doubtless fill a house. Those of us who have lived through the racket can never get the echoes out of our ears.

Now we are to have another investigation. The President has written another message on the trusts, to be added to the long list of messages on the subject. It was about the best of all essays, in that the author got down to the substance of the business and expressed himself in realistic language which made Alexander Hamilton's heirs in spirit rage and tear their hair. Editors, columnists and scribblers in general have exhausted their ink and worn out their elbows discussing the coming inquiry forward and back, up and down. Not a new note has been struck. Little fellows who want their chance to gyp the public are crying and wringing their hands. Big fellows are wondering whether they are in for another "attack," as they call it. Professors, experts and fact-finders are squaring away in the hope, always forlorn, that out of a new mountain of "facts" will come the unequivocal answer to the trust question.

That is the biggest joke of all. One of the prime national delusions, fostered by experts, is that the answers to public questions come out of facts. It is this delusion that gives a farcical aspect to most of our investigations. Facts do not ask or answer any questions. Facts never tell anybody to do or to refrain from doing anything. Furthermore, among the billions of facts that might be assembled by the new investigators only a few thousands or millions will be unearthed. The amount and character of facts dug up will depend upon the ideas which the investigators already have in their heads. What is to be done, if anything, about the facts will depend upon sources of conviction, prejudice and opinion which lie in part, if not wholly, outside the facts that are excavated.

If the investigators do not haul the big fellows up on the carpet and make a Roman holiday out of the affair, they will be roundly denounced as tools of big business. If they do make a Roman holiday, we may be reasonably sure that memory of it will quickly pass and that in a few years trust-busters and trust-defenders will have forgotten all about it, will as seldom refer to its "startling" features as to the voluminous findings of the Industrial Commission appointed in 1898 or to the debates of the Congress which enacted the Sherman law or to the pages of steel, oil and tobacco inquiries. If, on the other hand, the outcome of the inquiry is a schedule of petty legal phrases designed to stop minor holes in the existing anti-trust legislation, nothing will be laid except the groundwork for another investigation ten or twenty years ahead—an investigation of the patches over the holes, conducted for the purpose of discovering how shrewd trust lawyers managed to get through the patches.

In fine, no broad policy respecting bigness in business is likely to emerge from the new investigation. At bottom, any broad policy, as distinguished from patching up little holes in the law, rests not upon such congressional investigations. *A broad policy is an interpretation of American history*—nothing less than that. Do we believe that American history can be reversed, that the tendency toward economic integration on a national scale will or can be destroyed and that the country will or can return to the handicraft economy of the self-sufficing community or region? Do we believe that the economic integration that has been going on, in

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spite of all the law-makers, prosecutors and persecutors —honest men and demagogues alike—will go on in years to come, in spite of all the patching and tinkering and declaring that the politicians may indulge in after the new commission has made its report? To put the case in another way, are there fundamental elements in the processes of human history which are inexorable as the processes of nature, with which we must work whether we like them or not, and to which, in our efforts to make ourselves more secure and comfortable, we must make adjustments? Or is history as actuality a plastic thing which legislators may mold to suit the fabric of their dreams?

As to myself, my conviction is clear and positive. After reading tons of trust-busting literature, briefs of lawyers in trust cases and judicial decisions and thousands of pages of testimony and recommendations, after listening to any number of anti-trust speeches by honest men and demagogues, after suffering from the frightful din of the racket for more than fifty years, after reading statistical studies, such as John Moody's and Berle's and Means's, I have come to the conclusion that ours is now, and in the nature of things is destined to be, a great continental, technological society, and that the trust-busters, however honest and honorable, are just whistling in the wind, as Senator Platt said in 1890, are prolonging the dangerous tension in American society, are unwittingly the foes of getting our economic machine in full motion, and are destined to defeat besides. The only unsettled question in my mind now is whether they will be able to defeat or postpone heroic action on a continental scale long enough to bring ruin down upon all of us. If all we can do is to snap at the heels of big business, while our economic machine runs at about 50 percent of efficiency and ten or twelve million people sink into the degradation of permanent unemployment, then we might as well give it up and go to whistling, not in the wind, but in the graveyard.

If we really desire to approach the issue constructively and deal with it rationally and efficiently, two operations are, in my opinion, absolutely necessary. In the first place we must recognize certain fundamental facts in the case with which we must grapple, whether we like them or not; and in the second place we must clarify the problem presented by the economic jam in which we find ourselves. Otherwise we shall wander along in a fog and indulge in all the futilities, hatreds, and mud-slinging that have marked the course of the fight thus far.

Among the fundamental facts, four are, as I am given to see things, "stubborn and irreducible." First, we cannot reverse history and restore the conditions existing in the heyday of competitive capitalism, let us say, in 1890, 1870, 1850 or 1835. If we know anything at all we know that much. We cannot restore the people and economic conditions prevailing at any date chosen in our past history. Second, as Veblen pointed out nearly forty years ago, the United States under this so-called competitive capitalism has never been prosperous except in time of war or great finance-capital speculation. War comes very near to bringing the potentials of production into full force and finance-capital speculation induces the prosperity of an inflation; and both are always followed by ruinous collapses. Third, practically all branches of American economy, even agriculture, have become commercial—that is, they produce for a national market and are linked in fate to the fortunes of an integrated system of production and distribution. Fourth, the possibilities of a renewed capitalistic expansion in the old style are out of the question: the railroads, bridges, construction industries, office buildings and other elements of a great economy have been built; the imperialist expansion of the nineteenth century into virgin regions cannot be renewed; capitalism, if our institutional economists are right, now enters into a stage of contraction rather than expansion in the manner of times past. Reliance upon restoring or recovering former conditions by anti-trust action is, therefore, utter folly, if our purpose is constructive and not merely argumentative and combative.

The problem before us, as I see it, is one of providing the legal, financial, labor, managerial and patent-use conditions best calculated to get our vast economic machine in the highest possible motion *on lines different from those followed in the historic past.* We have the knowledge, the skills and the resources required for at least doubling the present annual output of wealth. To accomplish this speeding up there must be, at this stage of development, close coöperation among those elements in the spheres of capital, labor, agriculture and government that recognize the basic facts in the situation and the fundamental nature of the problem—the problem of raising our production of wealth to the highest possible level. If we can cast off the entanglements of the old anti-trust claptrap and get competent minds concentrated upon the solution of the problem, I am convinced that we can find a way, not to Utopia but to a far higher standard of life and civilization than we now have. If on the other hand we merely continue to romp, thrash and hate around and around, I am fairly sure that we have something like a major disaster ahead.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Blues Stanzas

Lord, Lord, how night falls
South of the Mason-Dixon, presses down,
And one bird in the lonely light calls—
Lord, others answer, answer all around.

John Henry struck, I heard his hammer ringing,
Said, every man, said, every man today
Over that mountain heard John Henry singing,
And there were green hills, green hills far away.

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

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Shoot the Works

Mr. Pinchot Regrets

NOBODY can convince me that the press of America is wholly sane until I can pick up The New York Herald Tribune and find no single news column given over to an open letter from Amos Pinchot. Some miscreant must have purloined the sealing wax from the Pinchot mansion. Indeed a red-letter day will have dawned and the presses should be stopped upon that morning when the cry goes up that Amos has been caught licking an envelope.

Sometimes I have tried to picture the scene which may occur when Mr. Pinchot sits down to compose a ukase on the state of the nation. His brow, of course, would be furrowed. And I see him tapping the ebony desk nervously with one finger. Possibly he may also employ his thumb to indicate a shift in thought. With lithe tread he paces the office once, twice and again. Naturally it is a thick carpet and no sound can be heard but the ticking of a grandfather clock. The hands mark five and one-half minutes after seven, which indicates that the noon hour has arrived.

Suddenly the thinker presses three buttons and sends for Miss Blitz. There is a tense moment, I imagine, as Mr. Pinchot says in a low, vibrant voice, "Take a letter, Miss Blitz." The face of the efficient secretary brightens for a moment but then clouds again, for invariably the man in the Morris chair adds quickly, "I mean, of course, an open letter." Friends of Miss Blitz tell me that she has begun to worry. She fears that if she never gets a chance again to take a closed letter she may lose her touch. At night when she goes home she writes to motion-picture stars for autographs or to sponsored radio programs for sample packages of breakfast food. Miss Blitz doesn't like autographs or breakfast food, but it more or less eases some inner yearning to be able to type on the envelope "Private and Confidential," or "Not to be opened until Christmas."

But where were we? Oh, yes, "Please take an open letter, Miss Blitz. 'Are you aware, sir, that America is standing at a crossroads and that unless the heavy burden of taxation can be lifted from the neck of labor and capital alike we will drift down the sluiceways of ruin and take our place among the totalitarian states, for let me tell you that I am equally opposed to dictatorship of the right or of the left whether it be called fascism, communism or the New Deal with its purges which would turn Congress into a collection of rubber stamps or, if I may be allowed to coin a phrase, an assemblage of Charlie McCarthys knowing no voice save that of their master who would flout the tradition of George Washington and the founding fathers by seeking a third elective term through the brazen political use of the WPA funds which are rapidly destroying initiative and creating a nation of paupers.' "

In my vision of the proceedings the speaker pauses here and is asked a double-barreled but simple question.

"How do you spell 'totalitarian,' A. P., and to whom is this open letter going to be open?"

Nobody likes to be interrupted, even at the end of a long sentence. "I should think, Miss Blitz, that you had been my secretary long enough to know how to spell t-o-t-a-l-i-t-a-r-i-a-n. After all we've had it in the last twenty-three open letters. Don't let this occur again. You'll be asking me next how to spell 'unconstitutional'."

"Oh, that's a word I know, Mr. Pinchot."

"I should think you would, Miss Blitz. Let us resume. 'A true liberal, and I believe I have every right to apply that word to myself, does not—' "

"But, Mr. Pinchot, you didn't answer the second half of my question."

"Really, Miss Blitz, this is annoying. Don't bother me with questions when I'm in the middle of a sentence. 'A true liberal does not—' There, you see, you've spoiled everything. I can't remember what it is that a true liberal does not."

"Could it possibly be, Mr. Pinchot, 'Veer like a weather vane in the face of every gust of public hysteria and spin about on his axis like a rudderless ship in the hand of the hurricane of demagoguery'?"

"I suppose it could be, Miss Blitz, but I am not much taken by that phrase 'spin about on his axis.' It has a coarse quality."

"You didn't think so, A. P., when you used it in your open letter the day before yesterday."

"This is a law office and not an advertising firm, Miss Blitz. Stop calling me A. P. and don't make so many suggestions."

"But I thought, sir, you said this was an open letter."

"It isn't as open as all that, Miss Blitz. It is open in one sense but closed in another. This is a solo and not a collaboration. You may be interested to learn that we get 'solo' from a Latin word 'solus,' which means one person all by himself without any, if you'll pardon the profanity, gosh-blamed outside interference whatsoever. We will now proceed with the open letter—my open letter, if you please, Miss Blitz. 'A true liberal does not veer like a weather vane nor spin about upon his keel like a rudderless ship in the hand of the typhoon of demagoguery. Instead he stands foursquare to the elements and neither rain, nor sleet nor snow, nor the dangers of the night can check him on his swift appointed rounds.' "

"Please, Mr. Pinchot."

"What is it now, Miss Blitz?"

"You forgot to tell me, sir, to whom this open letter is to be addressed."

"How about Franklin Delano Roosevelt?"

"He's got a letter, Mr. Pinchot."

"Well, then, John L. Lewis."

"We did one for him last Wednesday."

"Harry Hopkins?"

"We sent him Form B2XZ last week."

"Really this is annoying. What do you suggest, Miss Blitz?"

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Pinchot. I've got a honey of an idea. Really, A. P., pardon me, this will slay you. How about an Open Letter from Amos Pinchot to Horace Greeley?"

"But that would go to the Dead Letter Office."

"Big boy, you said it. Now you're talking."

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Washington Notes

The Devil Has Many Faces

MR. ROOSEVELT'S PURGE is producing the same turmoil in the Republican Party that it has caused among Democrats. Two weeks ago I mentioned Mr. Hoover's bright hopes of a coalition between Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats. Since then, however, the Hoover policy has been consciously repudiated by the New York Republican leader, Mr. Kenneth Simpson. Wealthy New York Republicans, in agreement with the Hoover strategy, had urged Mr. Simpson to support Mr. John J. O'Connor, House Rules Committee chairman and one of the chief Democratic purgees. Mr. Simpson not only refused to do so, but announced that he would run Mr. Allen W. Dulles, well known authority on international affairs and a strong, able candidate, against Mr. O'Connor.

The big-business opponents of the New Deal—"the cold-hearted few"—do not shout their family disagreements from street corners, but from the contradictory activities of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Simpson we may guess that they are now of two minds about the best way to oppose Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hoover (and the section of business opinion that he represents) is as eager to see the Democratic Party become liberal, and the Republican Party conservative, as Mr. Roosevelt himself. Hoover would be glad to swap Republican liberals, "Ickes-Republicans," for Democratic Tories. He wants the Republican Party to assume a traditionally conservative position, and from it to fight the 1940 election.

Mr. Simpson's progress is essentially different, and far shrewder. A few days ago he made a little speech in behalf of Mr. Dulles in which, in effect, he dismissed Mr. O'Connor as a shop-worn Tammany hack, with no other merit than the fact he had incurred Mr. Roosevelt's displeasure. What the Republican Party needed, he explained, was "new faces"—in other words, new packages in which to distribute the Republican line of goods. With pride, he named three "new faces" that he himself has helped present to a delighted electorate: District Attorney Thomas Dewey, Representative Bruce Barton, both of whom already have national reputations, and Mr. Newbold Morris, one of the most popular members of the New York City government. Mr. Dulles' face was similarly to dazzle the voters.

This proposed plan of attack on the Roosevelt administration, together with its author, are worth scrutiny. Mr. Simpson is to be the successor of Mr. Charles D. Hilles as Republican National Committeeman from New York, a post of peculiar importance. In the New York National Committeeman's diocese are most of the heavy corporate contributors to Republican campaign funds, and this circumstance made Mr. Hilles for a full generation perhaps the most powerful single individual in the Republican organization. Mr. Simpson will inherit this power.

Mr. Simpson himself is, as the phrase goes, strictly a bombshell. He belonged to the since-celebrated group of young-men-in-a-hurry graduated from Yale after the Mr. Henry R. Luce, publisher of Time, is often cited as its most perfect representative. All were consumed, however, by a common undergraduate determination to achieve fame quickly. Mr. Simpson is now turning forty, and is the potential leader of the Republican Party.

It may be guessed that at least some great corporation heads sympathize with Mr. Simpson's "new-faces" policy. The most interesting case, perhaps, is that of Mr. Edward Stettinius, head of Big Steel, and Mr. Henry Morgan, son of J. P. and partner of Morgan, Stanley, Big Steel's bankers. The original negotiations of Big Steel with the CIO were conducted by Mr. Myron C. Taylor, a remarkable and enigmatical man, but the public policy of the Steel Corporation since then has been largely in the hands of Messrs. Stettinius and Morgan. The voters have been shown a new type of big-business man. Not a syllable in criticism of Mr. Roosevelt has come from the Steel Corporation's offices. Mr. Stettinius, indeed, has been publicly helpful, hastening to Washington, immediately after the monopoly inquiry was voted last spring, with a promise to reduce steel prices and abandon the basing-point system. The effect, however, was to rob the investigators of their most formidable and obvious target.

Men like Mr. Hoover—and, among corporation heads, Mr. Tom Girdler—are easy meat for Mr. Roosevelt. As long as Mr. Roosevelt can make the Republican Party accept the designation of Tory, he can win elections at will. The "new-faces" policy of Mr. Simpson, however, seems to show that the country's conservatives are beginning to recognize that they cannot successfully fight Mr. Roosevelt by frontal assault. The younger Republican leaders apparently would like to hold a purge-festival within their own party. They would like to rid themselves of Mr. Hoover, Mr. Vandenberg, Mr. James W. Wadsworth—all those who symbolize Republican Bourbonism. They also want to avoid saddling their party with Democratic bad pennies like Mr. O'Connor. The voters are to be shown the elegant Mr. Barton and the righteous Mr. Dewey, and the machinery that makes the wheels go around is to be kept out of sight. The "new-faces" policy is not confined to New York; to some degree Mr. Robert Taft and Mr. John W. Bricker in Ohio, and Mr. Harold E. Stasser in Minnesota, represent the same tendency. Whether Republicans can unroll their party from its winding sheets is still uncertain, but the threat of their new technique of stealth ought not to be ignored.

As a result of the European crisis, it now seems probable that the administration will make a great push at the next session to modify the Neutrality Act. There is also a chance for a settlement of the English and French war debts. It is no secret that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull have both disliked the Neutrality Act intensely; apparently they are now resolved on an appeal to Congress. Under the present form of the Act, the President is bound to invoke its provisions when he finds a state of war exists between two or more non-American nations. Mr. Roosevelt has never "found" that a war is in progress between Japan and China; on this doubtful interpretation he has refrained from taking action. It is understood that Congress will be asked to give him henceforth full discretion

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A debt settlement with England and France would be primarily political, and apparently would not be offered unless the statesmen of those two countries feared a war with the Fascist powers in the spring. In that case, however, England is reported to be ready to make an offer that would represent genuine sacrifice, and France would follow England's example. The offers would be a gesture of good will; acceptance or rejection by Congress would be taken by England and France, as well as by the Roosevelt administration, as a measure of America's sympathies, and the degree of moral and material help we would give in a European conflict.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Why the Railroads Are Broke

SLOWLY the evidence piles up that almost every claim made by the promoters for the usefulness of the holding company was utterly spurious. One of the claims, indeed the chief claim, was that operating companies needed constant infusions of capital to keep them healthy and progressive and that this they could get with the least difficulty and cost if controlled by a powerful holding company which had access to great sources of capital.

The latest testimony on this point comes from the slowly disintegrating Van Sweringen system. Of course the Insull empire furnished sufficiently conclusive proof of the falsity of this claim, since it was revealed, as the Insull web fell apart, that it was the holding company which was milking the subsidiaries—that the great sow was feeding upon the milk of her exhausted daughters.

Here, however, is an excellent example from the Van Sweringen empire which just comes to light. Also it helps to show what is the matter with the railroads.

One of the playthings of the Van Sweringen brothers was the Pittston Company. This was one of their holding companies. It was used to dominate certain immense coal-producing properties and coal-distribution and trucking concerns. It was an immense business in itself.

It leased lands supposed to hold nearly a hundred million tons of coal. These lands were leased from the Erie Railroad, another one of the corporations dominated by the Van Sweringens through the Alleghany Corporation, their master holding company. Then in order to distribute this coal, the Pittston Company got control of Pattison and Bowns, a large concern which had been distributing this coal for years. It also took over the great United States Trucking Corporation, which had the transportation facilities for delivering the product.

Notwithstanding the grouping of these properties under the guidance of the master administrative minds with all the supposed advantages and economies which combination gives, this concern proceeded to lose money every year. My recollection, which I have not verified, is that the Pittston Company never made a profit.

Losing money as it did it needed financing—it needed blood. It needed, if you will, milk—milk from the breast of the great maternal holding company which mothered it. And for several years it has been getting milk. In fact it got several millions. But where did the good mother get the milk she fed to this ailing brat? Why, from one of her other more robust daughters—from the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. That road was also controlled by the Van Sweringens through a series of holding companies. And so we find the C. and O. first spending more than seven million dollars to buy stock of the Pittston Company and then over two million more poured out in loans to the Pittston. Now the inheritors of the Van Sweringen mess are trying to straighten out the Pittston fraction of that mess. For years the promoters, bankers, managers and gamblers in the railroads have played this sort of game with the funds of the roads. But they can think of no cause of their trouble save the wages of labor and the regulation of the government.

On July 25 of this year the stock market hit the peak of the rise which was supposed to be the beginning of a new boom. Since that time it has declined. Of course it has not gone down steadily. It has fallen and risen. But each time it has gone up its peak has been a little lower than the last one. The high point reached July 25 was 104. In the first week of August it broke and soon recovered. But this time the high point reached was 103¼ on August 6. It broke again, going down to below 95. It resumed its rise once more, but this time could get up only to 102¾, when it broke again in the last week of August. Once more it rose and now has labored in lethargic markets up to 100, where it pauses. What it will do from now on is sheer speculation.

No one who has traveled much around the West and Southwest should have been surprised at the Democratic primary results in Texas and California and the emergence of those two strange crusaders, Messrs. O'Daniel and Downey. They are, after all, only symbols of the dominant feeling in those states among great masses of the people. That region is aflame with the old-age problem. Of course the people interested follow the crackpots because nobody else offers them anything. It is easy to laugh off the crackpots. But it is not possible to ignore the profound problem which lies at the bottom of the whole commotion. Our famous technological system, with its mania for efficiency which has been not only throwing younger people out of work, but rendering men utterly unavailable in industry after forty-five, is now running into its natural and logical complications. Does anyone suppose that millions of men and women from fifty on are going to sit down and take this de-classing without a whimper and without doing something about it? Does anyone suppose that so many millions with votes will fail to find shallow-brained messiahs to lead them on to happiness?

Perhaps we had better look over this engineer's civilization we have been so proud of. It is interested in producing the greatest possible result with the smallest possible number of parts. But the machine it is playing with is a machine in which the parts are human beings. And the great objective of the social engineer must be to find a use for all the parts. We have been doing the reverse. Do we expect the parts to take it silently?

JOHN T. FLYNN

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Boys of All Ages

STILL THE FILMS about slum children come along—forget sordid matters of finance for a minute and you can close your eyes and see Hollywood with one burning reform project and plan for world redemption: getting the young toughies off the streets and giving them a nice glass of milk. There probably hasn't been so much compassion for and understanding of the offspring of the masses since the Sermon on the Mount, but the comment on picture-making goes beyond that. Childhood is one of the few remaining fields where you can base a picture on a known fact and not find yourself in the middle between the Legion of Decency howling down from one side and various other political or social or racial trash blowing up from the other.

They used to get something out of the Fallen Woman until old Sniffer Hays came along and said if she was fallen she must have been pushed, and you couldn't let her up because it all must be part of a moral lesson, not fun. They used to hold a deadly fast pace with gangster stories until nice people arose in groups and passed the ball to J. Edgar Hoover, a prominent author, under whose guidance it was presently arranged that Humphrey Bogart should join the Boy Scouts. You can and always could make a film with a kick in it, but it becomes increasingly necessary to make it so good in the first place that it will get by in spite of truth.

The average film maker can't risk his job on the possibility that any little wettypants who can organize fifteen club women will set up a noticeable fuss and cawing. So he falls back into the groove where romance is the ballroom at Versailles, beds are strictly for comedy falls, and motherhood is sacred but you'd better not have a baby until it's at least three years old and fully dressed. Well, isn't that what they want, the people who sleep in the beds and have the children? Not exactly. It is what they are told they want by the unhappy, never resting crew of spellbinders whom they elect, trust, flock to and patiently suffer, and thus I suppose deserve. Anyway, the thing must pass for what people want out where the product is put up in the kind of package they will buy.

It must have been a source of surprise and delight in some quarters (in addition to that of the audience) when the stories of Rowland Brown and the realism of the "Dead End" youngsters showed Hollywood that children could be more than an extra $2,000 production cost of shooting around how and why they were born, or Little Goldylocks and the Three Brown Barrymores. A writer could go ahead with the streets and houses and condition of life he knew; if people were poor and conditions bad he could say so without calling Joe Breen; if there was trouble, robbery, shooting, he didn't have to worry about the Department of Justice. The ending of course had to have a note of hope like forty iron bells, but the processes of life up to that could be as true as life itself. A field day.

The latest venture is "Boys' Town," which turns on the activities of Father Flanagan of Nebraska (Norman Taurog directed for MGM, John Meehan, Dore Schary, Eleanore Griffin did the writing and Slavko Vorkapitch the quietly effective special effects). After the usual build-up of environment, gang spirit, "reform" schools, it goes into the business of the good father and his growing brood, and how he expanded out from the city onto the land, and built a town, to be lived in and worked for and run by his growing hundreds of boys. For conflict there is Mickey Rooney, who came to the settlement almost too late and was so tough he was constantly bouncing back in his own eye.

In general the story is sound and soundly carried out, though rounding some of its sharp corners awfully fast (for example, I still don't know how the three gunmen were taken like so many lollypops at the end). And many of the scenes are managed with first-class aid to their effectiveness (the petering out of the singing in that first pitiful Christmas; the hot-and-cold game of the candy and the priest and Peewee, leading to its quiet heightening of effect in the later sequence). I suppose no real thing ever happens with such unalloyed goodness and happy coincidence, and I know that Father Flanagan's boys resemble the pattern of "Little Men"; but that is not much of a worry while the thing is happening.

They had a lot of good kids for the parts; and of course Mickey Rooney is developing an acting genius that should soon be its own monitor over such weaknesses as the overly tough style he is encouraged to follow here. But mainly the story keeps its balance in Spencer Tracy, a man with the true actor's gift of projection without the true actor's awfullest error, which is that of complacency in your art, letting your self-satisfaction show through in struttings, mouthings and stage bounce. So here he is as the kindly priest but nobody's football, redeeming what is in danger of becoming sentimental or silly by standing through it as simply natural as a tree. For all his homely face and lack of surface charm, he is about the finest figure of a man you'll meet, and I'm happy that he has finally got a part here to show it off.

It may be disappointment that any Frank Capra comedy should be heavy and overdone which makes "You Can't Take It with You" seem such a dud. It has its play of interest, its bright scenes, its James Stewart, Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur, Mischa Auer (from Omsk). As for the original material (the Old Folks at Home crossed with a Keystone two-reeler on a Night in the Nuthouse), Capra and Riskin have made a good show out of a weak sister before. Yet there is little throughout to suggest the felicity in his own medium which has been the Capra hallmark all the way from "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" to "Mr. Deeds."

"Mr. Deeds" seems to have given writer and director an idea of themselves as social philosophers which does them no good. There is an embarrassing amount of space here given over to the spiritual poverty of riches, the wealth of the simple heart, the glory and pity of it all. The comedy of falls and upsets seems perfunctory though dogged (more, any actor who wants it is given enough rope), as though the main business in hand were to make platitude boom like truth. As a picture I suppose it is better than average. As for Mr. Capra, I believe he has not returned from Tibet, where last seen; and "You Can't Take It with You" is simply Shangri La in a frame house.

OTIS FERGUSON

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The Bandwagon

S. T. Brogdon of Stephenville, candidate for Governor, left Fort Worth residents Sunday with a solemn warning the Japanese soon will invade the United States through Mexico.

Already, Brogdon intoned, the Japanese are entrenched in Mexico and now await the proper moment to sweep into Texas. The Lone Star state, he said, will be the battleground immediately following the invasion.

Brogdon has a simple plan to forestall such an invasion by merely annexing the entire republic of Mexico to the United States. – *International News Service from Fort Worth, Tex., published in The Miami Herald.*

For republican institutions about the best that can be said is that democracy cannot safely regard government as its highest achievement. Republicans are at their best when they succeed in diminishing the importance of government and the necessity for it. Sometimes they forget this, but it is to be hoped that with fresh experiences and less excited reflections they will always return to their ideals. – *From an editorial printed in The Chicago Daily Tribune.*

We again beg clients to quit worrying about newspaper wars, Democratic purges and Maine murder trials. Instead, buy fertile land, raise more babies,[1] accumulate inflation stocks, and watch Hitler, who is leading the masses, instead of some U. S. "dictator" who is inciting them.

[1] We mean that clients and those capable of creating employment should breed more descendants. Of course the relief problem will be solved only by reducing the birth rate of those on relief. – *Extracts from Babson's Barometer Report, August 22, 1938.*

The Classy Struggle

Fashion turns now to proletarianism; the *labor front* will be represented handsomely in our new autumn elegance. A face veil wired to look like a steelworker's mask will be one of the novelties of the coming season. Blue dresses, square of cut, with wide-apart white stitching, like overalls, will be another socialistic style trend. – *From "To the Ladies," by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, printed in Liberty Magazine.*

Splitting-Hairs Department

Chairman Dies of the un-American-activities investigation has been conducting a survey of his mail. He is getting 400 to 500 letters a day. Of these, 10 percent is crank mail, 90 percent urges that the investigation continue. – *From Paul Mallon's syndicated column.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The LNPL in California

SIR: I notice that in your publication of August 24, 1938, under the heading "Washington Notes," remarks have been made pertaining to Labor's Non-Partisan League of California which are not correct. . . . The article states: "The lusty California branch of Labor's Non-Partisan League has been torn almost in two, just on the eve of an important primary election." This is supposed to have been caused by the difficulties in the labor movement pertaining to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the United Auto Workers and the presidents of these organizations.

May I assure you that Labor's Non-Partisan League of California is "lusty." So lusty that we have not been torn in two. Nor have the enemies of our cause been able even to scratch the surface by way of dividing or wrecking our organizations. We have moved very cautiously on the political front and we expect to accomplish the election of most of our endorsed candidates. . . .

This is the only organization in the state of California which expresses the true sentiment of the rank and file of labor, which is for one labor movement. We are not concerning ourselves with the jurisdictional issues facing the two great factions in the labor movement other than to express our desire that this matter be composed and that we once again move forward together. By keeping ourselves definitely concerned with the political situations and political problems, our organization has not been torn apart and has grown lusty. Furthermore we have of L. and CIO unions and we have been able to keep our ranks from being divided. We believe that we hold the balance of power in California and that the coming elections will go a long way toward showing our exact strength. . . .

J. VERNON BURKE, State Secretary,
San Francisco, Cal. Labor's Non-Partisan League of California

Turkey in the Trunk

SIR: I am editing An Anthology of Lousy Writing, and want contributions from good published writers, who have at one time or another, preferably recently, written badly. Contributions must be worse than just ordinarily bad and their authors must be better than just ordinarily good. Each contributor is invited to comment on his contribution: how it happened to be written, et cetera. The book will contain short stories, chapters of novels, poems, essays, criticism, book reviews, plays, scenarios and any other kind of writing by good writers that happens to be lousy. All contributions must be unpublished. Each piece will appear in the book without the name of its author, so that the reader may try to guess who the author is. The last part of the book will be devoted to the comments of the authors. No invitations will be sent direct to writers, so that only those who appreciate the value of the Anthology will be in it. If good writers send me lousy writing, this project will not be a gag but an undertaking of far-reaching importance. I shall appreciate your coöperation. All material must be mailed by September 30, this year. My address is 348 Carl Street, San Francisco.

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From The New Republic Mail Bag

Gladys Irene Hendrickson of Chevy Chase, Maryland, writes an enthusiastic letter of support of Mr. Thomas Amlie's candidacy for the United States Congress in the coming Wisconsin primary elections. . . . S. Plastrik of New York City reports that the translation of the "Communist Manifesto" into the Afrikaans dialect of South Africa (mentioned in Edmund Wilson's "Marx and Engels: Grinding the Lens" in the September 7 issue) was the work of the Workers' Party of South Africa, section of the Trotskyist Fourth International. He wonders how "our Stalinist friends would explain why 'fascists' and 'fascist agents' carry out such important revolutionary tasks." . . . Oscar Levy, editor of the authorized English translation of Nietzsche's works, writes from London to dispute the idea that Nietzsche's philosophies are an inspiration for Nazism. He says a good discussion of the subject is contained in a new book, "From Nietzsche Down to Hitler," by M. M. P. Nicolas.

Cyrus Porter, campaign director of the American League for Peace and Democracy, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, describes the intensive drive that organization is inaugurating to lift the embargo on Loyalist Spain. As part of it a series of reunion parties will be held in New York, the last three on September 16, 17 and 18. Each party will have as its guest of honor a returned American veteran of the Spanish war. Admission fee will be the contribution of one article of food, clothing or medical supplies for the American Relief ship scheduled to leave the United States late this month. . . . Elizabeth Anderson, executive secretary of the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League for the Defense of American Democracy, sends us copies of the protests the League has made against the accusations of the Dies Committee. Their substance is that false charges have been made against the League and it has never been offered an opportunity to refute or deny them. . . . Frederick D. Whisler of Missoula, Montana, is the seventh reader to accept Mr. L. L. Whyte's "Scientists' Oath," printed in The New Republic of August 24.

What's on the Air?

President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivers the annual Constitution Day address from Poughkeepsie, New York, Saturday, September 17, 11 A.M., CBS and NBC-Red Network.

Frank E. Gannett, editor and publisher, John Kreis, a bookbinder, and Mrs. Eva B. Hansel, a New York clubwoman, discuss "Public Opinion and Domestic News" on "The People's Platform," Sunday, September 18, 7 P.M., CBS.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt speaks from Chattanooga, Tennessee, during "President's Day," the climax of the Chickamauga Celebration, Tuesday, September 20, 3 P.M., CBS and NBC-Blue Network.

Postmaster General James A. Farley talks on "A Business Administration of the United States Postal Service," Friday, September 23, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" presented by the Mercury Theatre of the Air, Sunday, September 18, 8 P.M., CBS; the NBC String Symphony Orchestra, Monday, September 19, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the Berkshire music festival from Pittsfield, Wednesday, September 21, 4 P.M., CBS; James Thurber's "The Greatest Man in the World," Wednesday, September 21, 10 P.M., Mutual; the Berkshire Music Festival, Thursday, September 22, 4 P.M., CBS; and the Promenade Symphony Orchestra of Toronto, Thursday, September 22, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; "Richard Wagner," a biography by W. Ray Wilson, Friday, September 23, 11:30 P.M., Mutual

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Poet in Politics

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS that set Yeats to writing about his own relatively happy life[1] was the broken and tragic lives of his early friends. Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symons, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, John Davidson, Francis Thompson, almost all his associates of the Rhymers' Club and The Savoy, were artists of unusual talent and personal modesty. "Why," he asks, "should men who spoke their opinions in low voices, as though they feared to disturb the readers in some ancient library, and timidly as though they knew that all subjects had long since been explored, all questions long since decided in books whereon the dust settled—live lives of such disorder?" And why should they all seek early deaths, one or two by drink, one by drink and whoring, one by scandal, one by drugs, one at least by suicide, more than one by insanity, or by bodily diseases that they did not struggle against, and all, so it seemed, by some disease of the will?

Yeats in his autobiography suggests not one but several reasons for the end of what he calls the Tragic Generation. Most of them, he says, were poor men, strained and broken by their poverty (though he tells us that Lionel Johnson and one or two others had private means). Their effort toward intense and lyrical emotion may have made them emotionally unstable (though he tells us that the first of them to go insane was a man without any lyrical gift). Again, they may have been weakened by their philosophy of life for art's sake and art for its own pure self. They made "what Arnold has called that 'morbid effort,' that search for 'perfection of thought and feeling, and to unite this to perfection of form,' sought this new, pure beauty, and suffered in their lives because of it."

This last would apply to other tragic poets as well—Poe, Baudelaire, Rossetti—and therefore is the most convincing of the reasons that Yeats offers for their decline. A still more convincing reason is one that he often suggests but never mentions explicitly: their self-imposed and utter isolation. When Lionel Johnson was asked whether his irregular hours "did not separate him from men and women, he replied, 'In my library I have all the knowledge of the world that I need.'"—"That room was always a pleasure to me," Yeats himself continued, "with its curtains of gray corduroy over door and window and bookcase . . . and a general air of neatness and severity; and talking there by candle light it never seemed very difficult to murmur Villiers de l'Isle Adam's proud words, 'As for living, our servants will do that for us.'" The truth is that these poets were completely cut off from living, screened from the world by their curtains of neat gray corduroy. They had very few human sympathies and no instinctive attachment to birthplace or class or nation. They had to draw song from their inner resources, like water from a cistern that was never renewed from the outside, till at last, as it dwindled, it became stagnant and poisonous.

Back in the first days of the Rhymers' Club, Yeats had told his friends, "None of us can say who will succeed, or even who has or has not talent. The only thing certain about us is that we are too many." There was no doubt even then that some of them would fail disastrously; but nobody could have guessed that within a comparatively short time the Rhymers would be swept off the scene as if by a virulent plague. And nobody could have guessed that the young Irishman who addressed them—awkward, embarrassed, lost in his private world, given to experiments in spiritualism and black magic—would be the only one of them to show practical wisdom and, after twenty years, almost the sole survivor.

During those years, Yeats had followed a different path from his friends. It was chiefly his interest in Irish literature that led him to found the Irish Literary Society (London, 1891) and the National Literary Society (Dublin, 1893). But the question of reviving poetry in Ireland was intimately connected with the question of restoring the Irish nation, which in turn was connected with the colonial question and the land question—and the result was that Yeats for a few years became an effective political agitator. He went on lecture tours through England and Scotland, he spoke at tumultuous Dublin conventions, he presided over committee meetings in the back rooms of Irish pubs, and he was rumored—though falsely—to have instigated the riots against Queen Victoria at the time of her Jubilee visit. His own story is that he was merely lost in the window-breaking Dublin mob. "In a battle like Ireland's," he wrote to Lady Gregory, "which is one of poverty against wealth, we must prove our sincerity by making ourselves unpopular to wealth. We must accept the baptism of the gutter."

That was a romantic way of conceiving the part he played; and it was inevitable that Yeats would be unhappy when he found that "the gutter" too was divided into factions, most of them hostile to visitors from the upper world. The Irish national movement in the 1890's was almost like the American radical movement in the 1930's, with Parnellites hating Anti-Parnellites and both sides hating the Irish Unionists almost more than the British. "Most of us were prosecuting heretics," Yeats says, "and our conventions . . . were dominated by little groups, the Gaelic propagandists being the most impassioned, which had the intensity and narrowness of theological sects."—"A movement first of poetry, then of sentimentality, and land hunger, had struggled with, and as the nation passed into the second period of all revolutions, given way before a movement of abstraction and hatred." Slowly the poet became disillusioned; and after his allies the Nationalists had rioted against "The Playboy of the Western World," which was written by his best friend and produced in a theatre that Yeats himself had founded, he withdrew almost completely from political life.

The truth is that Yeats had always been of a divided mind about his participation in politics. His eagerness to change people's minds and his pride in success were mingled with his shame at having surrendered himself "to the chief temptation of the artist, creation without toil."—"Politics, for a vision-seeking man, can be but half achievement, a choice of an almost easy kind of skill instead of that kind which is, of all those not impossible, the most difficult." He came to speak with revulsion "of the dirty piece of orange

[1] The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats, consisting of Reveries over Childhood and Youth (1914), The Trembling of the Veil (1922) and Dramatis Personae (1936). New York: The Macmillan Company. 479 pages. $5.

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newspaper office; of public meetings where it would be treacherous amid so much geniality to speak or even to think of anything that might cause a moment's misunderstanding in one's own party."

He believed that poetry and politics, abstraction and image, public life and private vision, were fixed in eternal opposition. Yet one can scarcely doubt that his own political life helped to save him from a broken career and an early death like those of his friends. . . . No, I am not trying to say what I was once mistakenly accused of saying, that a poet can be saved by adopting the right opinions. No poet can be saved by any opinions whatsoever. Those adopted by Yeats were in many cases the wrong opinions, even in his youth when he fancied himself a socialist and even in his young manhood when he was actively working for the Irish revolution. His mystical nationalism, with its talk of the Irish racial spirit and the Irish oversoul, could be used by some of Hitler's court and barrack-room philosophers. His fear of abstractions kept him ignorant of modern thought, except for Mallarmé and Madam Blavatsky. Later, after he had washed his hands of politics, he became almost as monarchistic and right-thinking as old William Wordsworth. No matter: there had been a time when he worked and fought among the Irish masses, shared their hopes and hatreds, learned to speak their language and transformed it into a medium for great poetry. He had broken his isolation, stepped out of his private world; he had found a subject and an audience. And the effect of that "baptism of the gutter" persisted in his later work, just as it persisted for a while with Wordsworth and longer with Baudelaire. Today when he peers from his lonely tower into the Irish mist, the visions he sees there are not disembodied, like Francis Thompson's or Lionel Johnson's visions; they are given shape and endowed with life by the passions of his active years.

But I have been discussing only one side of a book that is rich in implications and rich in wisdom too. Some other week I should like to talk about Yeats in relation to the problem of writing political verse (a subject that I touched on when reviewing Selden Rodman's "New Anthology of Modern Poetry"). And I should like to talk about Yeats and political criticism, as it is represented in this country by magazines like The Partisan Review.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

Homage to Jack London

TO YOUNG PEOPLE who cut their literary eye-teeth in the Twenties, when American literature had become sophisticated, Irving Stone's "Sailor on Horseback: The Biography of Jack London"[1] may seem no great shakes. Very likely they will consider Mr. Stone overworshipful and unduly romantic about a mere adventure writer, one who happened to dabble in socialism and in talk about the Class Struggle, but a febrile he-man faker for all that. And, for all I know, such an attitude may be right. But to me, Mr. Stone's book was like Proust's *madeleine* which, dipped in the tea, served to let loose a flood of memories of the past. Almost every Jack London title is linked in my mind, often incongruously, with some stage or place of adolescence: "John Barleycorn" with a convalescence from scarlet fever, the heroic and pessimistic "Martin Eden" with a plunge into Swinburne, "Before Adam" and "The Sea Wolf" with the discovery of Darwin and Nietzsche, the tramp stories of "The Road" with a decision to quit school for a year and go to work in California on the theory that real Life on the other side of a continent would somehow be more revealing than classroom or baseball field. All of which may have little to do with literature, even though it does serve as an indication of the role which a popular writer can play in the haphazard education of an American.

But on second thought it *does* have something to do with literature. For novelists should give currency to the fundamental ideas and theories that are racking society, they should cast into imaginative form the doctrines of school and party and movement. For those of us who became readers in the decade of the World War Jack London made the theories of Evolution and Scientific Determinism and the Superman easy to grasp. Even the Class Struggle and the Labor Theory of Value were there, whether openly vibrant as in "The Iron Heel" or deftly concealed as in "Burning Daylight." Jack London wrote reams of escapist stuff which we all lapped up. But he also enabled us to digest our intellectual world in a way that Wells and Shaw enabled Englishmen to digest theirs. For all his shortcomings he was one of a great line that petered out somewhere around 1920, when literature moved off on an anti-intellectual tangent toward the recording of sensory impressions.

Mr. Stone, who was born in San Francisco just a step away from Jack London's own birthplace, approaches his subject in a mood of muted hero worship. As in his "Lust for Life," a biography of Vincent Van Gogh, he lets his protagonist set the tone and the pace. But for all his insistence that Jack London speak as Jack London, Mr. Stone has written a solid and critical book. Without the aid of Charmian Kittredge London, Jack's widow, and Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, Jack's step-sister, Mr. Stone would not have been able to write a truthfully definitive biography. There are facts in "Sailor on Horseback" about Jack's illegitimacy and paternity (his father was evidently an imaginative and impractical Irish astrologer named Chaney) that have never before reached print. Yet Mr. Stone apparently gave no hostages in exchange for important material; he is uncompromisingly objective in his attitude toward all the principals in the story, whether living or dead. Jack had trouble with most of the women in his life—with his

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Mabel Applegarth; with his phlegmatic first wife, Bessie Maddern; and, finally, with the fluttery, childish "mate-woman," Charmian Kittredge—and Mr. Stone blinks nothing of the wrangles and the disappointments involved in each successive man-woman relationship. Evidently Mr. Stone is a masterful diplomat as well as a good biographer; else he would never have persuaded Charmian London to revoke an order to the Huntington Library that Jack's business correspondence be kept secret during her lifetime.

Mr. Stone claims major stature for "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," "Martin Eden," "John Barleycorn" and many of the Alaskan short stories. But Jack London's contradictory efforts to mingle Marx and Nietzsche, to champion the proletariat and the blond-beast superman at one and the same time, are chiefly interesting to Mr. Stone for the light they shed on Jack's character. Jack's childhood was an agony of uncertainty, both about his paternity and the sources of the next day's food. This evidently created an ambivalent desire in him to champion the disinherited and the hungry and also to prove himself a superior, all-conquering individualist hero in spite of his bastard origin. He wanted his class to succeed. But he wanted the personal satisfaction of rising far above his class. These "linked deviations," to use the psychoanalyst's jargon, are not at all uncommon; and instead of condemning them as "inconsistent" we should, perhaps, recognize that much of human value springs from just such psychological tangles. Jack London's socialism had some fake in it. But it was evidently not all fake.

One thing Mr. Stone fails to do: he does not explicitly relate Jack London's decline as a writer to certain changes in the American environment. Jack began his career as a wanderer by taking part in three great *folk* adventures. In the early nineties, when Coxey was marching to Washington, Jack joined the California industrial army of General Kelly, which proposed to beat its way over the Sierras and the Great Plains to demand either work or relief from the government. Before that he had sailed on a sealer, the "Sophie Sutherland," and had lived the collective life of the forecastle. And in 1898 he took part in the Klondike Gold Rush. All of these experiences gave him insight into the ways of men. But in his later days his adventures tended to be purely personal: he built the "Snark" and sailed with his wife and a picked crew to the South Seas, and he began pouring thousands of dollars into the fabulously useless ranch at Glen Ellen in the Valley of the Moon. Thus the Jack London pioneering spirit turned in upon itself and sought a separate peace.

The phenomenon was no aberration. Partly it was due to age. But it was also common throughout America in the Rooseveltian decade. Item: Hamlin Garland ceased to be a Populist agitator and went in for camping trips. Item Two: Stewart Edward White lost his "own" Michigan lumber-days material and was forced to take up the gentleman's hunting of the African veldt. What happened to Jack London also happened to other writers of the pioneer surge who had lost contact with pioneer conditions. It is true that Jack London was *for* the labor movement, as neither Garland nor White was. This gave him a sense of backing which other lost pioneer writers lacked. But Jack London came too soon to be *of* the movement, and he died as his

Guidebook to the Underworld

The War Against the West, by Aurel Kolnai, with a Preface by Wickham Steed. New York: The Viking Press. 711 pages. $4.

IT MUST SEEM to Germans a superhuman task to make foreigners understand the strange happenings in their country. Dr. Aurel Kolnai has made an admirable effort to do so. The material from German authors which he has compiled, adding only a few comments of his own, is overwhelming in its mass and impressiveness and well presented. Still, we doubt whether anybody who is not familiar with all the niceties of the German language will ever be able to judge the spiritual abyss which separates Western civilization from the underworld that sprang into the limelight of history in 1933. Dr. Kolnai's task is the more difficult as many of the terms used by Nazi writers cannot be translated into English. (Wickham Steed tells in his preface that an English friend once warned him against using German terms and expressions as counters in his thought. "Force yourself to put them into English, and if they won't go into English be sure that there is a catch in them somewhere.") In the Wonderland of German Nationalism the coining of unintelligible words has a quasi-religious purpose and known terms take on a special ring for German ears, but would be meaningless to other people. Dr. Kolnai tries at great length to make words like *"bündisch," "völkisch," "artgemäss"* and so on, intelligible to critical understanding, rendering by this a great service to everybody who reads or speaks about present-day Germany. He draws attention to the constant addition of the word *"Deutsch"* to everything in the world, which changes the whole meaning: a *"Deutsch"*-thinker is not, as one would believe, a German thinker, but the thought or its object must be *"Deutsch"!* As a matter of fact, however, such words are not meant to be understood in a rational way; they are to create an emotional status in German hearts.

Dr. Kolnai, a Viennese liberal Catholic of Jewish extraction, begins his book with ten theses in which he summarizes the essence of Nazism. "Absolute and conscious antagonism to Western liberal civilization is the central impulse" of the Nazi doctrine. It is a moral system which corresponds to the tribal mind: "there is a morality for outward and one for interior use," writes one of the Nazi authors. On the other hand, this system has its special mission in making final the fact of social subordination: "The Teutons believe in a divine origin of inequality." This is not meant to be an explanation of the causes of Nazism, which Mr. Kolnai does not intend to give, but the essence of its philosophy. The individual, in this set of ideas, is but an instrument of the tribe, which on its side is unreservedly in the hands of the chieftain. The totalitarian State is "the renewal of the tribal State at the stage of industrial civilization." Its directing force is nationalism, which takes on religious intensity.

The State, from the Nazi point of view, has only one purpose. "German power" is its highest goal and "therefore the sphere of discussion of the so-called 'spiritual life' in which all power of will and

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onymous with unfettered power for the Führer. There is a "preëstablished harmony between him who leads and those who are led." Faith and thought must be adapted to *Machtpolitik* (power politics). Our image of Jesus, Alfred Rosenberg writes, must be revised; the crucified Jewish pacifist must yield his place to an educating spirit of fire, a hero. As a fitting conclusion for this set of examples of Nazi *Weltanschauung* we quote a Nazi poet's classic saying: "The poets must march like soldiers of the line."

The world at large is judging Nazi morals mainly by the treatment of the Jews. Dr. Kolnai rejects this, although he does not overlook the barbarism of the Nürnberg legislation. But in his opinion, "our judgment of the new Nazi Germany must be determined above all by its negation of mankind and its intrinsic enmity to Western democratic society." Of course, in order to make the Nazi picture appear less dark, one could easily point out the shortcomings and even the crimes committed in the name of Western civilization. But what democracies consider as evils to be fought is what Nazis are proud of.

Dr. Kolnai's book is a warning. A great power is under the absolute mastery of men who are inspired by such principles. "We do not demand equal rights for Germany"—of course they do; but why not have the best of both worlds—"as we are not disposed to grant equal rights to others. . . . We Germans are not on a level with other nations; nay, we have a right which cannot be compared with that of anybody else." There is no coöperation possible between the Western world and Nazism, no compromise, not even a truce. Nazism is waging a war on the legacy of the French revolution. As long as there are people who believe that men are born free and equal, Nazism must try to destroy them. This is, from an international point of view, the main fact that emerges from the ten theses with which Dr. Kolnai concludes his excellent book.

ADOLF STURMTHAL

A Writer Goes to War

The Liberals, by John Hyde Preston. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

THIS IS A BOOK based on an exciting theme, but it should have been written with far more imaginative power. The author's ideas are clear and sound on the questions of labor unions, anti-Semitism and the fundamental hostility of capitalism to the decent human values. "The Liberals," however, reads like an exercise in getting into one story all the issues that "ought" to be talked about. A very skillful exercise it turns out to be. But only rarely do the people or their speech and feelings actually come to life, and the pulse and tension and surprise of real experience never smack you in the face at all.

Philip Whitlock, a confused young dramatist, arrives in Connecticut to visit a wealthy family who own the biggest factory in their town. It is a strange yet not untypical family, with the liberal but paternalistic father, the reactionary older brother, the young Communist and the beautiful but frustrated daughter—all tense and uneasy against stay, a stay in which he not only falls in love with the daughter but gets a fractured skull in an eviction riot. And finally (when the "liberal" father proves reactionary after all, and the daughter herself is seriously hurt while leading a demonstration) Philip realizes, with a new passion of hate and love and identification, that even a writer belongs in the battle and must take sides, renouncing his dreams of private peace and detachment.

A swell idea, but both the people and the prose are wooden, and the book is full of situational clichés. More imagination about character and passion, a good deal more intensity in the prose, and the trick might have been turned. For the theme is an important one, to which somebody one of these days must give enduring form. It is the theme of the liberal who finally learns that even good will is distorted into viciousness by a system based on impersonal conflict. But it is too important a theme (and requires too much passion and imagination for its presentation) to be conveyed feebly, and with an air of fatal familiarity.

REBECCA PITTS

Farrell at the Crossroads

No Star Is Lost, by James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. $3.

JAMES T. FARRELL is at the crossroads. He has to his credit already a large output for so young a writer, including "Studs Lonigan," which is on its way to becoming a classic of American boyhood. His art, however, so far as it has been revealed, is singularly dependent on his material. Except for some hasty excursions in short stories, it inhabits the mean streets within a half-mile west of Washington Park, Chicago, and the drab houses of the Irish families who have now given way to the Negroes. How intensively he has worked this field is attested by five novels and innumerable short stories, in which he has learned and practised a mordant style in which realism speaks its last word. In the predecessor of the present novel, "A World I Never Made," he imitates the daring of the most modern painters in his picture of the beautiful Peg O'Flaherty—"her white body punctuated the splash of black [pubic] hair." The question, however, is how long his public can be held to the severe contemplation of this sordid life. Certainly not for as many years as may be granted to Mr. Farrell's literary expectancy. And yet to make the exodus may mean a period of experiment and possible setbacks which will call for all of Mr. Farrell's courage and resolution to surmount.

The present volume resumes the story of the fortunes of the O'Flaherty and O'Neill families. The grandmother is better than ever in her racy Irish cursing, and her son Al, the genteel salesman, holding high the banner of respectability in the face of poverty, drink and general sluttishness, is a perfect foil. In his culture, based on clichés he has gathered up and treasured, he runs true to form without losing his pathetic personality. The beautiful Peg, in her vain pursuit by telephone of her recreant lover, sinks to drunkenness and whoredom, exciting only when calling forth the meaty objurgation of her mother and the solemn despair of her brother. Unfortunately the children lack the

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tral figure, Danny O'Neill, is a colorless little boy, and his older brother Bill is a type of adolescence in a totally unformed character. Not even their baseball lore can make them interesting. The other O'Neill children cast the reflection of their pathetic childhood on their parents. There are two scenes in which Mr. Farrell's instinct for horrible tragedy finds full play, one when Danny is having his birthday party, in momentary fear lest his drunken Aunt Peg burst from her bedroom upon the little company; another when Liz O'Neill is on the point of giving birth, her latest born dying in her arms and her other children lying about her stricken with diphtheria.

In one point Mr. Farrell is at his best, in his blending of the religious and secular lives of his Irish characters. In the case of old Mrs. O'Flaherty, her association with heavenly things gives bright militancy to her cursing; in the case of her daughter, Liz O'Neill, it takes the form of superstitious resort to the Church and its saints, with spiritual reinforcement but temporal defeat. Matthew Arnold scolded the Protestants for calling the ceremony of the mass "a false and degrading superstition," and called attention to the beautiful symbolism of the altar, "where God is made and eaten all day long." Mr. Farrell cannot see it. To him the intimacy with celestial beings appears in the full grotesqueness of vulgarity and weakness. If social significance is demanded of Mr. Farrell's work, it is here.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

New Books: A Reader's List

ITALY'S FOREIGN AND COLONIAL POLICY, by Maxwell H. H. Macartney and Paul Cremona (Oxford, $3). The main object of the authors is to explain the fundamental motives and the enduring problems involved in Italy's foreign policy, which inevitably centers about the Mediterranean. Their book is comprehensive, cool and realistic, from a British point of view.

THE PAGEANT OF JAPANESE HISTORY, by Marion May Dilts (Longmans, $3). A student and lover of Japanese culture, who has lived in Japan for several years, writes a fine simple history for the intelligent layman, embodying the results of the most recent research of Japanese scholars. Not an "interpretation"; a singularly interesting and objective *story*. Beautifully illustrated with many photogravures of Japanese painting and sculpture.

JAPAN, THE HUNGRY GUEST, by G. C. Allen (Dutton, $3). A University of Liverpool professor, who lived many years in Japan and loves and understands the country and its people, writes an intelligent and thorough study of its social, economic and political life. Tone: "Abhorrence of Japan's current policy ought not to cause us to withhold sympathy from her in the difficult problems with which she is faced."

THE SCHOOLMA'AM, by Frances R. Donovan (Stokes, $2.50). A lively and informative book about the 855,000 women public school teachers in America today, written by a teacher of nineteen years' experience.

THE TRIAL OF HELEN McLEOD, by Alice Beal Parsons (Funk and Wagnalls, $2.50). Warning: not a murder. A novel about a labor trial in a Midwestern university town, exposing the local line-up and featuri[illegible]

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THE WAR AGAINST THE WEST

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fiction; interesting chiefly for its studies of Darrow-on-the-record (radical) and Darrow-off-the-record (skeptical).

THE DOOMSDAY MEN, by J. B. Priestley (Harper's, $2.50). An outlandish, melodramatic story about three rich and powerful crackpots who design elaborate apparatus for blowing up the world. Murder, love, mystery, adventure and California desert scenery, all ingeniously assembled by an English author who did better on the home grounds.

MR. DESPONDENCY'S DAUGHTER, by Anne Parrish (Harper's, $2.50). Another Parrish character-stroke—the knife perfectly concealed in the innocent word. This time it is the all-devouring selfishness of mother-love; and this time the character wins out over her own fraud by finally realizing it.

A WOMAN SCREAMED, by Robert Neumann (Dial Press, $2.50). Having to do with Kossuth and the Magyar revolution; but the real hero is Rosza Sandor, a Robin Hood of peasant stock, who throws in with Kossuth, only to be left holding the bag at the end. If you can stand historical novels, here's one that keeps on the go.

DESIGNING WOMEN, by Margaretta Byers with Consuelo Kamholz (Simon and Schuster, $1.90). How can a woman be well dressed? How achieve a made-to-order look? How lop off a settee? How make the most of an unbosom? These questions are ably discussed in chapters dealing with various types of figures and faces, beauty techniques, colors, the etiquette of dress, budgeting and similar matters. Most women will want to read the book; salespeople should be forced to read it.

THRICE A STRANGER, by Vera Brittain (Macmillan, $2.50). This begins in 1925 where "Testament of Youth" left off, but has less dramatic material at its disposal, being simply the record of three visits to America, two of them lecture tours. Written in a rather ponderous manner, with affection for a country free from European squabbles.

Contributors

VERA MICHELES DEAN is the editor of the Foreign Policy Association publications and prepares the Foreign Policy reports on Italy and the Soviet Union. She has just returned from the trip that she describes.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE is the Kansas editor whose paper, The Emporia Gazette, is known all over the English-speaking world.

HORACE COON, formerly an instructor of English at Columbia University, is the author of "Money to Burn," an exposé of American foundations which Longmans, Green will publish next month. He is at work on a book about the American Telephone and Telegraph Company monopoly.

CHARLES A. BEARD, the famous American historian, has written numerous books and articles on history, economics and politics. The most recent is "The Discussion of Human Affairs."

CHARLES E. SMITH, an assistant editor of the Federal Writers' Project, has written radio continuity and contributed to many periodicals.

ADOLF STURMTHAL is the author of several books on international affairs and has served as Geneva and London correspondent of European newspapers.

REBECCA PITTS has written for many magazines and is at present working on a book of critical studies.

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